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A MANUAL OF ELOCUTION

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A MANUAL

OF

ELOCUTION

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE

CLASS-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, AND THE PLATFORM

WITH

RULES AND EXERCISES

BY

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PREFACE

In preparing this Elocution Manual, the writer has made it his aim to bring together selections that will be suitable alike for class study, the drawing-room, and for public reading; and only those have been included that have been proved by experience to be adapted to such purposes.

Among them are also to be found many new adaptations from standard authors, condensed so as to bring them within the scope of public recital.

The introductory rules have been made as brief as is consistent with clearness, and the various exercises illustrating each of the rules have been specially chosen for their effectiveness.

The writer desires to express his thanks to those authors and publishers—too numerous to mention individually—who have kindly granted him permission to make use of copyright matter of much interest and value.

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J. F.

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ELOCUTION

Definition.—Elocution (from *elocutus*, *e*, out, and *loquor*, I speak) is the art of delivering a discourse impressively in public, and includes management of the voice and gesture in speaking. Good elocution consists in the natural expression of thought by speech and gesture, and calls into play the organs of articulation—the palate—the tongue—the teeth—and the lips.

The Voice.—The distinctive aim in vocal development is to secure that purity, power, and variety of tone which must unite to give character to the voice. There are three distinct qualities of voice which ought to be cultivated by all who aim at good, expressive and impassioned speaking and reading. *1st.* Pure or natural voice. *2nd.* Orotund voice. *3rd.* Aspirated voice.

Pure Voice is employed in all utterances in which the speaker addresses himself to the understanding, and in which his chief aim is to be understood. It is the perfection of vocal sound in giving expression to gentle and moderate emotion.

Orotund Voice is employed to express whatever is grand or sublime. Grandeur of thought and

intensity of emotion demand a volume, force, and resonance of tone, which mere purity of voice cannot supply, and which can be attained only by the careful cultivation of this improved condition of voice.

Aspirated Voice expresses secrecy, fear, anger, revenge, disgust, and all malignant passions; as well as all earnest utterances in their most intense force. As an exercise if practised with force sufficient to create such a full and distinct articulation as is necessary in public speaking, it is of special benefit in the attainment of a deep and free method of breathing.

Exercises in Pure Voice

1. The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
But the Master sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, some forty years ago.

2. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from traces of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death.

Exercises on Orotund Voice

3. And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together. And every mountain and island were

moved out of their places; and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

4. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

EXERCISES ON THE ASPIRATED VOICE

5. Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

6. Soldiers! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock and we are upon them. We capture them without the possibility of resistance. Forward!

Articulation.—Articulation consists in the correct and distinct utterance of sounds, syllables, and words. The importance of a clear and distinct articulation cannot be over-estimated. It gives to speech a polish and finish which amply repay the time and attention bestowed upon its cultivation.

In acquiring a correct articulation the ear should be trained to distinguish the finer shades of difference in sounds, and the organs of speech should be carefully exercised until they are able to produce with ease all the different sounds to which the human voice is capable of giving utterance.

Modulation. — By modulation is meant that variety of tone and expression of the voice by means of which the various sentiments contained in any passage are illustrated.

It bears to a passage as a whole the same relation that articulation bears towards inflection in sentences or parts of a sentence.

It is simply a higher form of inflection, and not only includes inflection, but also embraces pitch, force, rate of utterance, emphasis, and pause.

Inflection.—Inflection is a sliding of the voice either upwards or downwards; it gives the true expression to speech.

Simple inflections are of two kinds—the upward or rising inflection, and the downward or falling inflection. The union of these two inflections upon the same syllable is called a compound inflection. When the tone is not inflected, it is called a monotone.

The acute accent (′) denotes the rising, and the grave accent (`) the falling inflection.

Expressive Qualities of the Inflections

Rising tones appeal, falling tones assert.

Rising tones entreat or supplicate; falling tones command.

Rising tones express ignorance or doubt; falling tones express conviction or certainty.

Interrogative sentences to which a simple "Yes" or "No" can be returned as an answer terminate with the rising inflection; when they cannot be so answered, they end with the falling inflection.

7. Art thou a friend to Rodérick?
Hold thou the watch to-níght?
Did he speak propérly?
He went willing`ly, not unwillingly.
It was done correct`ly, not incorrectly.

All *negative sentences* and portions of sentences, and sentences or clauses of sentences where the meaning remains incomplete, end with the rising inflection.

8. I cannot vouch my tale is true,
Nor say, indeed, 'tis wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you'll find it fairly told.
A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much;
He thought, as Frenchmen always do,
That all the world could "Parley voo."

9. Oh, tell me, where did Katy live?
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young?
And yet so wicked, too?

Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Exclamations consisting of only one word take the rising inflection; as—

10. Whát! Hów! Hurr'ah!

The falling inflection should be used when the sense is complete, whether at the end of a sentence or a clause of a sentence.

11. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mer'cy.
Blessed are the pure in heàrt: for they shall see Gòd.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of Gòd.

12. In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reèd,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steèd,
In halls, in gay attire is seèn;
In hamlets, dances on the greèn.
Love rules the coùrt, the càmp, the gròve,
And men belòw and sain'ts abòve.
For lov'e is heav'en, and Heav'en is lòve.

13. "My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Compound Inflections are of two kinds—rising followed by the falling and falling followed by rising. They are used to express extreme surprise, sarcasm, contempt, and irony.

EXAMPLES

14. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less.

15. Hath a dog money? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

EXAMPLE OF THE MONOTONE

16. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll.

Pitch, Force, and Rate of Utterance.—*Pitch* is that quality which distinguishes between a high or shrill, and a deep or round voice; light and joyous emotions require a high pitch, as well as the extremes of grief, pain, and fear.

The pitch deepens in proportion to the seriousness or solemnity of a passage. In elocution there are three natural divisions of pitch—high, medium, and low. In each of these subdivisions may be made.

Force is something altogether distinct from pitch, and relates to the loudness, and softness, of the voice. Changes of force are produced by the different degrees of power with which the breath is applied upon the vocal cords.

In force, as in pitch, the reader should be able to

recognise at least three degrees—soft, medium, and loud.

Rate of Utterance depends on the idea contained in the passage read, and on the impression intended to be left on the mind of the hearer.

The natural divisions of rate are slow, medium, and quick, and from these other divisions may be made. Light and buoyant moods and passages illustrating rapidity of action require a correspondingly quick rate of utterance; dignity requires regularity of movement; while passages conveying ideas of solemnity, reverence, awe, melancholy, and despair, require a slower rate.

Exercises in Pitch

High Pitch—

17. Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

Medium Pitch—

18. When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Deep Pitch—

19. The Lord doth reign and clothed is He
With majesty most bright:
His works do show Him clothed to be,
And girt about with might.
The world is also stablished
That it cannot depart,
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

Exercises in Force

Soft—

20. Flow softly, flow by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Medium—

21. I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me, the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Loud—

22. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

Exercises in Rate of Utterance

Medium Rate—

23. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay,
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

Quick Rate—

24. So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!"
Quoth young Lochinvar.

Slow Rate—

25. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

Emphasis.—*Emphasis* is a stress laid on a particular word or phrase in order to enforce a meaning. It is required in the case of words which mark a new idea, and words contrasted with one another.

Note.—In order to acquire a habit of reading with a just emphasis, it is necessary previously to study the construction, meaning, and spirit of every sentence, and to adhere, as nearly as possible, to the manner in which we distinguish one word from another in ordinary conversation.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS

26. You are not *wood*, you are not *stones*, but *men*.

27. When people are *determined* to *quarrel*, a *straw* will furnish the occasion.

28. The *wise* and the *foolish*, the *virtuous* and the *evil*, the *learned* and the *ignorant*, the *temperate* and the *profligate* must *often* be *blended together*.

The Pause.—Pauses are of two kinds, grammatical and rhetorical.

The grammatical pause is used mainly as a guide to the author's meaning.

The rhetorical pause gives a peculiar force to the words which precede or follow it, and is a most important element in good elocution. Rhetorical pauses

are of various lengths and may be made either immediately before or immediately after an emphatic word, according to the taste and judgment of the speaker. The student must, however, be very careful in his employment of a rhetorical pause, as a wrong use may entirely alter the meaning of a sentence.

Examples of the Pause

29. Oh! pardon me! thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these—butchers.

30. Woman, without her, man is a brute.

31. A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation.

32. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Quotations and Parenthetical Clauses should be spoken in a different tone of voice from the rest of the sentence, and generally more quickly than the main sentence.

33. If there is a power above us (and that there is all nature cries aloud through all her works), He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

34. Thou happy, happy elf! (but stop first let me kiss away that tear). Thou tiny image of myself! (my love, he's poking peas into his ear). Thou merry laughing sprite with spirits feather light, untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin! (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin).

Where dialogue and narrative occur in the same piece, the narrative portion must be given in a different tone from the dialogue; the different characters in the dialogue must be kept distinct from one another; and the tone of the voice as regards force, pitch, and rate of utterance should be suited to the nature and spirit of the passage.

EXAMPLES

35. Hark! below the gates unbarring!
Tramp of men and quick commands!
"'Tis my lord come back from hunting."
And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters;
Stopped in darkness in the court.
"Ho this way, ye laggard hunters!
To the Hall! What sport, what sport?"

Slow they entered with their master;
In the hall they laid him down—
On his coat were leaves and blood stains,
On his brow an angry frown.

THE POWER OF HABIT

J. B. GOUGH

36. I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls; and I said to a gentleman,—

"What river is that, sir?"

"That is the Niagara River," he said.

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright, fair, beautiful, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two."

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now, young men, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy.

Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, Ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, Ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha, ha, we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, Ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! pull for your lives! Pull till the

blood starts from the nostrils and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up."

Gesture.—While speech is the verbal manifestation of thought and feeling "Gesture is nature's language, and makes its way to the heart without utterance of sound." It supplements speech, and, by its added grace, furnishes to the hearer a picture complete in all its parts. Some gesture is absolutely necessary in effective speaking, but it should be used as sparingly as possible and never without a definite reason, which could if required be stated in writing; let the eye do more than the hand. Stand before your audience erect, with your shoulders well braced back and your chest expanded. In conversational gesture, the face should be open and cheerful; in oratorical, confident and animated; while dramatic gesture requires great intensity of feeling, movement, and facial expressions.

It is impossible to use correct and graceful gesture if you have not thoroughly committed your piece to memory. Remember,

> True ease in action comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

SELECTIONS

FOR

Reading and Recitation

A PSALM OF LIFE

H. W. LONGFELLOW

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
  Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

TRUE COURAGE

GEORGE E. HOWARD

I WAS strolling one day by the harbour that shelters
England's might,
Where gather the steel-clad warships made ready for deadly
fight;
And I spake to an ancient seaman, as I gazed across the bay
To where on the dim grey waters Lord Nelson's *Victory* lay;
And we spoke of his fame and glory, and the courage of
Britain's sons,
And how they died for England, as they stood behind the
guns:

But *he* said, in the heat of battle 'twas easy enough to fight,
But the grandest kind of courage was to dare to do the right:
To stand for Truth and Duty thro' taunts from friends grown cold,
Thro' threats and deadly danger, and *this* is the tale he told.

I'll spin you a true short yarn, sir, to show you what I mean,
Of a voyage I sailed long years ago on the clipper *Ocean Queen.*
We were homeward bound from the East, sir, with a valuable cargo too,
We were thirty men on board, sir, captain and mates and crew;
And a fair rough lot were most, sir, who'd a hell of the fo'c's'le make,
All save the 'prentice lad, sir, a bright young lad named Blake;
And a smart true boy was he, sir, and well he did his work:
But the men they all despised him, tho' never a job he'd shirk,
For never an ugly word, sir, or an oath from his lips would fall,
But he'd say his prayers and read his Book in the cuddy afore them all.

Well, all went much as usual with cloud and breeze and brine,
Till we lost the favouring Trade Winds when we'd nearly crossed the line;
When the wind dropped dead, the sails hung limp, and never an inch moved we
As we lay like a log on the heaving breast of the glassy Tropic sea.
For ten long days we waited, and never a breeze came nigh,

Not a ripple on the burning sea, not a cloud in the blazing sky;
It was dull and weary waiting, but none of us felt alarm
For we knew 'twas nothing more, sir, than a regular Doldrum calm,
Till a man fell sick, then another, and the captain's brow grew black
And a shiver of fear ran thro' the ship when 'twas whispered, "Yellow Jack."

We all of us knew what *that* meant; all who had sailed East before,
And those who hadn't had heard enough of the scourge of the Eastern shore;
How worse than a storm of shrapnel the fever attacks a town;
For the stricken must die *alone*, sir, when the helpers themselves are down.
We weren't no extra cowards in the *Ocean Queen* that trip;
And thro' many a storm and hurricane we'd weathered the staunch old ship;
But there wasn't a man on board, sir, who didn't fear it more
Than the wildest blasts of the cyclone storm or the breakers' angry roar;
And the captain swore he'd rather face the worst that ever blew,
Than be becalmed and helpless, with fever among the crew.

'Twas then that we lost heart, sir, as we marked each drooping sail;
'Twas then we longed for a wind, sir, for a breeze or a tearing gale;
For next day three more were taken, and both the mates had died,

And in two days there were fourteen down and three'd
gone over the side:
And I for one despaired, sir, for that night when the sun
sank red
The *Ocean Queen* was captainless, for the captain he was
dead.
Then we thought that all was over, with none but a
'prentice hand
To lay our course o'er the trackless deep and guide us to
the land;
And we tried to drown in *drink*, sir, that fear we dared to
know,
While the rest were dying an awful death in the stifling
bunks below.

For we all of us held aloof, sir, and none of us ventured
nigh,
For we feared the dread infection, and we left them there
to die.
And 'twas only the 'prentice lad, sir, who dared the danger
brave,
And did his best to ease their pain, and what he could to
save;
And when we tried to stop him, and spoke of the risk he
ran,
"It's only my duty I do," he said, "my duty to God and
man!"
Still one by one we sickened in the deadly fever's
grip,
Till Blake and I alone were left becalmed on the plague-
struck ship:
And when one day a grey cloud rose above a line of
foam
We'd hardly the heart to raise a cheer, and set her head for
home.

As he'd borne his shipmates' taunts, sir, in the cause of Truth and Right;
As he'd braved the deadly sickness, so he bore himself that night:
And the last I remember was the sight of his steadfast form
As he stood at the wheel 'mid the lightning's glare and the thunder of the storm.
I was struck by a falling spar, sir, and the very next thing I knew
Was a hospital ward ashore, sir, where they'd carried our helpless crew.
But 'twas Blake who steered us to port, sir, and this I say and hold,
That never a truer hero e'er sailed the seas of old.
That's my idea of courage, sir;—do right for the right's own sake.
Last time I sailed in the *Ocean Queen* the captain's name was Blake.

THE ROSE

W. E. Henley

(From *Poems* (David Nutt), *by special permission of the Author and Publisher*)

Oh, gather me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it!

For with the dream, foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever.
The worm, regret, will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow.

THE TOPSAIL OF THE *VICTORY*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(From *Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems* (Longmans, Green & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

(On the wall is suspended the fore-topsail of Lord Nelson's flagship *Victory*. *Vide* "Catalogue of Naval Exhibition, Chelsea, 1891.")

OH, Wings of *Victory!*
Proud battle-plumage, torn with shot and ball,
Draped in wide tattered glory on this wall!
Come hither! Come and see!

Lord Nelson's canvas lore?
The topsail of his Flagship, when he sailed
To win Trafalgar for us—and prevailed
'Mid thunder, flame, and fear.

The cloths she sheeted home
Shining and white that day! halyard and clew,
Cringle and tack and bolt-rope—clean and new—
Close to the foe to come.

Now faded, ragged, frayed:
As yellow as King George's guineas! Rent
From bunt to ear-ring: yet magnificent!
Yet in royal state arrayed!

For, dear and dauntless ship,
Built of the British Oak, and manned with hearts
Staunch as the heart of Oak! What pulse but starts?
What pride leaps to the lip.

Thinking how each clout heard
The boatswain pipe: "Hoist the fore-topsail, lads!
Haul home! Haul home!" And when it soars and spreads
Like pinion of sea-bird

Amongst the clouds a cloud,
And then it sees from foretop—while it holds
The Spanish breeze, and mightily unfolds—
Down on the decks that crowd

Of Nelson's lions stand,
Stripped to the waist at stations: every man
Alight with the great signal-words which ran
Joyous, and good, and grand—

"*England expects*
That every man this day—" "Ay! ay! we hear!
Our duty we will do: have ye no fear."
The very cannons' necks—

Lean hungry o'er the swell,
Craving for battle-food: and boding all:
Nelson's Three-decker goes, majestical!
Beautiful! terrible!

Oh, Wings of *Victory!*
Ye indeed that forenoon, white and great,
Wafting our hero to his glorious fate
Over the dancing sea.

Marked ye, indeed,
The haughty foeman's challenge—flags unfold
From ship to ship, along the rippled gold?
And ever true at need.

Collingwood close? And Lake?
And Nelson, from his knees, come brave and gay
To give his bright blood for us? and the array
Of liners, in his wake?

Gods! How we see
Bullets and round-shot rend thy bellying white,
And scarlet smoke-wreaths from the rattling fight
Enwrap thee, weather and lee!

And how, below,
'Mid blast of such red thunders, rife with death
Such terror as no tempest witnesseth,
Our British Jacks, aglow,

Fight on for Britain's Crown
As if each man were not King's man, but King!
And what cheers split the sky, when fluttering,
Flag after flag comes down!

And then—there—there!
While thy scorched folds flop triumph—that 'curst ball!
The mortal wound! our matchless Champion's fall!
Loss that made all gain dear.

Fore-topsail old!
Under your foot he fell—splendid in death:
Under your shade breathed forth his patriot breath
Ah! wore with valour's gold.

Heroic Rags!
Flaunt to the world, as once to France and Spain,
Token of England's might upon the main,
Better than blazoned flags.

Flaunt!—for ye may—
Tatters which make it boast enough to be
Of Nelson's blood! Torn Wings of *Victory*
From dread Trafalgar's day!

BOIL IT DOWN

ANON.

WHATEVER you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread shines plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest of words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It's done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then,
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of a song,
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

THE GLEN OF DREAMS

L. Maclean Watt

(From *In Love's Garden* (J. M. Dent & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

'Tis sweet enough, O heart of me, when day is on the street,
And my soul can do no thinking for the din of ceaseless feet,
And the town is all a-stirring to and fro;
But it's ah! when night is silent, and soft sleep the city fills,
And I lie down in the dark, and dream wide-open dreams of hills,
Till my little room is ringing with the sea-sob and the rills,
God above me, I am broken with my woe.

They would mock me if I told them of the place so dear to me,
The home among the heather, far away beside the sea,
And the purple moorland stretching from the door;
And the big hills up behind it, like the monarchs of the land,
Sitting throned above the waters, dreaming sadly, hand in hand,
And the sad sea, sighing, sobbing, throbbing, wailing o'er the sand,
And the faces that I long for evermore.

Still the cottage walls are standing in the Glen of Dreams afar,
But the light is gone for ever that to me was guiding star,
From the window in the West above the sea;
And the deer is in the garden, and the roof-tree's in the rain,
And the grave gives never back its love to broken lives again;
And it's only in the darkness I can hear my heart complain
For the dear dead days for ever gone from me.

"OLD LETTERS"

ANON.

At the old writing table, covered with baize,
In the drawer down below, there meets my gaze
A packet of letters, dust-stained and worn,
They were there years ago, before Charlie was born.
And Charlie, my son, has his hair streaked with grey,
And a daughter fifteen, whom we call "pretty May";
No marvel the letters look yellow and old,
And tear at a touch in the long-creased fold.

How faint and how faded the writing appears,
As I gaze through the mist of some twoscore years;
There's Ella, my darling, how sweetly she wrote,
I remember so well, 'twas a little pink note.
No trace of the pure tint remains on its hue,
'Tis soiled and discoloured, and brown stained all through,
There's a mist on my glasses, I cannot see well,
And the line, too, is blurred where she wrote her farewell.

I have married and twice since that little pink note,
In her innocent girlhood, sweet Ella wrote;
She faded away in the fragrant spring time,
And the bells had to toll, when I thought they would chime.
I've almost forgotten how Ella looked now,
With the smile on her lip, and the thought on her brow;
For memory grows, oh, so weary and weak!
But still I remember her soft dimpled cheek;
And I seem to stand in my youth's bright morn,
As I read the wee note so soiled and torn.

Lying just near it, I next see the end
Of a letter, 'twas written by Tom, my friend;
And bold and broad are the strong dark lines,
He writes from his home in the land of vines;
There are health and strength in each daring thought,
And laughter and fun with each word enwrought;
And speech seems there on the time-worn page,
All shrivelled and stained by the touch of age.

Then the letters grew few and far between,
He had dearer friends on his way I ween;
And I have loved others, perchance, as well,
Yet round the torn paper there hangs a spell.

I seem now to walk on life's pathway back,
For miles and miles into boyhood's track,
And he stands before me, though poor in gold,
Rich in affections manifold.

By a maiden lady, my mother's friend,
The next old letter is neatly penned;
And she was old, and weak, and poor.
And found it hard to exist, to endure.
God's patience came and gave her strength
To go bravely onward a long life's length;
As I read her sorrows, to me it seems
That I wander far in the land of dreams.

Old letters, dearly I love ye all!
The large bold type and the writing small:
I replace with care each faded thing,
And bind them again with the red tape string;
I close the drawer, and I turn the key,
Ye are dear old relics of youth to me:
Lie there all modern notes beneath,
Old letters made sacred by love and death!

THE LITTLE WOMAN

M. C. Barnes

Don't talk to me of Olympus maids
  Divinely tall or fair,
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
  Of Juno's stately air.
These mighty dames with re-doubled names
  May erst have held their sway,
'Tis the little woman, bless her heart,
  Who rules the world to-day.

With her wilful, witching, winsome ways,
Her artful, artless smiles,
Her airy grace, and her fairy face,
Her wisdom, wit, and wiles.
She mocks the pride, and she sways the strength,
And she bends the will of man,
As only such a despotic elf—
A little woman can.

Tho' her pathway leads thro' the darkest ways
She always finds a light;
Tho' her eyes be dazzled by fortune's rays
She's sure to see aright.
Tho' her wisdom be of no special school,
And her logic "just because";
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
The last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman who gets ahead
When men would lag behind;
The little woman who sees her chance,
And always knows her mind.
Who can shyly smile as she gives the word
To honour, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause
In a little woman's way.

Would the diamond seem such a perfect gem
If it measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew drops seem so clear and pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman seem half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as low as the summer winds
That rules without appeal.
And the warrior, scholar, saint, and sage
May fight and plan each day;
The world will wag till the end of time
In the little woman's way.

THE CAPTAIN'S SECRET

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

THERE was bay upon his forehead,
There was glory in his name;
He had led his country's cohorts
Through the crimson field of fame,
Yet from his breast at midnight
When the throng had ceased to cheer,
He took a faded blossom
And kissed it with a tear—
A little faded violet,
A bloom of withered hue;
But more than fame
Or loud acclaim
He prized its faded blue.

We have all a hidden story
Of a day more bright and dear;
We may hide it with our laughter—
It will haunt us with a tear.
And we've all some little keepsake
Where no eye can ever mark
And, like the great commander,
We kiss it in the dark.

A little faded violet,
Perchance a loop of gold,
A gift of love,
We prize above
All that the earth can hold.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkle! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but bent straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down off a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

AT THE OPERA

(ADAPTED)

LORD LYTTON

IN Paris it was,—at the Opera there; and she looked like a queen of old time that night; with the wreath of pearls in her raven hair, and the brooch on her breast, so bright. The moon on the tower slept soft as snow; and who was not thrilled in the strangest way as we heard him sing, while the gas burned low, "*Non ti scordar di me*"? Side by side in our box we sat together, my bride betrothed and I; my gaze was fixed on my opera-hat—and hers on the stage hard by; and both were silent, and both were sad:—like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm, with that regal, indolent air she had; so confident of her charm! I have no doubt she was thinking then of her former lord—good soul that he was!—who died the richest and roundest of men,—the Marquis of Carabas. I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven, through a needle's eye he had not to pass; I wish him well—for the jointure given to my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my "first" love, as I had not been thinking of aught for years; till, over my eyes, there began to move something that felt like tears. I thought of the dress that she wore last time, when we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together, in that lost land, in her own soft clime, in the crimson evening weather; and the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast; (O, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!) and the last bird singing alone in his nest; and the one star over the tower. I thought of our little quarrels and strife, and her letter that brought me back my ring; and it all seemed then, in the waste of life, such a very little thing! For I thought of her

grave below the hill, which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over; and I thought, "Were she only living still, how I could forgive her, and love her!" And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,—and of how, after all, old things are best,—that I felt the scent of that jasmine-flower which she used to wear in her breast! It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet, it made me creep, and it made me cold! like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked! . . . She was sitting there,—in a dim box over the stage!—and drest in that muslin dress, with that full soft hair, and that jasmine in her breast! I was here, and she was there! and the glittering horse-shoe curved between; from my bride betrothed, with her raven hair, I turned to my bride that was to have been —to my early love, with her eyes downcast, and over her primrose-face the shade: in short, from the future back to the past, there was but a step to be made! To my early love, from my future bride, one moment I looked. Then . . . I stole to the door—I traversed the passage—and down at her side I was sitting a moment more!—My thinking of her, or the music's strain, or something which never will be exprest, had brought her back from the grave again, with the jasmine on her breast!—She is *not* dead! and she is not wed! but she loves me now, and she loved me then; at the very first words that her sweet lips said, my heart grew youthful again! The Marchioness there, of Carabas, she is wealthy and young and handsome still; and but for her . . . Well, we'll let that pass; she may marry whomsoever she will: but I will marry my own "first" love, with her primrose-face,—for old things are best! and the flower in her bosom,—I prize it above the brooch in my lady's breast!

The world is filled with folly and sin, and love must cling where it can, I say: for beauty is easy enough to win; but

one isn't loved every day. And I think, in the lives of most women and men, there's a moment when all would go smooth and even, if only the dead could find out when to come back—and be forgiven! But oh, the smell of that jasmine-flower! and oh, that music! and oh, the way that voice rang out from the donjon tower—"*Non ti scordar di me—Non ti scordar di me.*"

IN THE HURRICANE AT SAMOA

(March 17, 1889)

Horace G. Groser

(*By special permission of the Author*)

[In the hurricane which struck the squadron of warships (British, American, and German) stationed at watch in Apia Harbour, Samoa, those of the vessels which survived the night held to their moorings, fearing to run for the open water on account of the long and perilous line of reef. At last H.M.S. *Calliope* (pronounce Cal-li-o-pe), under Captain Kane, made the attempt. And as, in the teeth of the gale, with straining engines, the English cruiser made her way out, the crew of the American *Trenton*, in admiration, forgetting their own apparently imminent fate, raised a ringing cheer, which was answered back from the deck of the *Calliope*.]

Out of the midnight creeping came
That wind of death;
The foam upcurled on the waves like flame,
Beneath its breath,
One moment, peace and calm;
Through fringe of reed and palm
The twinkling shore-lights danced in view;
The next, our spars were bending,
And cord and canvas rending,
And clouds and ocean blending
Swept on us ere we knew!

Caught in its giant grip
Was every gallant ship;
Such wrestling none had known before;
No strain like this the groaning cables knew,
With blast so fierce the sudden tempest blew
From off that island shore.
At sunset there were seven afloat,
At midnight all the wild wind smote,
At dawn the yeasty waves were over three.
Then who might dare to seek relief,
To run betwixt the outer reef,
The shore and reef, and reach the open sea?

She dared, the English ship!
Her cables she would slip
In all that war of wind and wave,
Knowing that there was safety out beyond
For those who dared to quit the straining bond
That yet might snap or save.
And as with slow and labouring stroke
From out that perilous strait she broke,
Forth from the *Trenton's* deck there rose a cry!
A generous shout of glad acclaim,
Of joy no selfish fear could tame,
Stronger than death, to see our ship go by.

That cheer, in their distress,
Our hardihood to bless,
Not unto us alone shall ring:
Louder than the loud cry we gave them back,
The voice of England, following in its track
Their praise well-pleased shall sing;
Glad that the old love hath not died
In those that long have left her side,

Her great world-wandering children strong and
free—
Brothers, whom neither pride, nor change,
Nor jealousy, can e'er estrange,
Nor the wild strength of the dividing sea.

GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT

F. HARALD WILLIAMS

(From *Confessions of a Poet, by special permission*)

WHERE Roman eagle never flew
The flag of England flies,
The herald of great empires new
Beneath yet larger skies;
Upon a hundred lands and seas,
And over ransomed slaves
Who poured to her no idle pleas,
The pledge of Freedom waves;
Whatever man may well have done
We have with dauntless might,
And England holds what England won,
And God defends the right.

Where hardly climb the mountain goats,
On stormy cape and crag,
The refuge of the wanderer floats—
Our hospitable flag;
While alien banners only mock
With glory's fleeting wraith,
It stands on the eternal rock
Of our eternal faith;

And handed on from sire and son,
It furls not day nor night;
So England holds what England won,
And God defends the right.

When wrongs cry out for brave redress,
Our justice does not lag,
And in the name of righteousness
Moves on our stainless flag;
The helpless see it proudly shine
And hail the sheltering robe,
That heralds on the thin red line
That girdles round the globe;
A pioneer of truth as none
Before it scatters light,
And England holds what England won,
And God defends the right.

Beneath the shadow of its peace
Though riddled to a rag,
The down-trod nations gain release,
And rally round the flag;
We fight the battles of the Lord,
And never may we yield
A foot we measure with the sword—
On the red harvest-field;
And we will not retreat, while one
Stout heart remains to fight;
Let England hold what England won,
And God defend the right.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(*October* 25, 1854)

LORD TENNYSON

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made,
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE USUAL WAY

FRED E. WEATHERLY

(By special permission of the Author)

THERE was once a man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighbouring brook;"
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand, and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh,
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;
"We must say good-bye," she whispered, by the alders old and gray.
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,

Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? does she honour and obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

"WE ARE THE CHOICE OF THE WILL"

W. E. Henley

(From *Poems* (David Nutt), *by special permission of the Author and Publisher*)

We are the Choice of the Will: God, when He gave the word
That called us into line, set in our hand a sword;
Set us a sword to wield none else could lift and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law.
East and West and North, wherever the battle grew,
As men to a feast we fared, the work of the Will to do.
But upon vast beginnings, bidding Anarchy cease—
(Had he hacked it to the Pit, we had left it a place of peace!)
Marching, building, sailing, pillar of cloud or fire,
Sons of the Will, we fought the fight of the Will, our sire.
Road was never so rough that we left its purpose dark;
Stark was ever the sea, but our ships were yet more stark;
We tracked the winds of the world to the steps of their very thrones;
The secret parts of the world were salted with our bones

Till now the name of names, England, the name of might,
Flames from the austral bounds to the ends of the boreal night;
And the call of her morning dream goes in a girdle of sound,
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great globe round and round;
And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the mother-breeze,
Floats from shore to shore, of the universal seas;
And the loneliest death is fair with a memory of her flowers,
And the end of the road to Hell with the sense of her dews and showers!
Who says that we shall pass, or the fame of us fade and die,
While the living stars fulfil their round in the living sky?
For the sire lives in his sons, and they pay their father's debt,
And the lion has left a whelp wherever his claw was set;
And the lion in his whelps, his whelps that none shall brave,
Is but less strong than Time and the great all-whelming Grave.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

ROBERT BROWNING

DEAR and great angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find perform'd thy special ministry,
And time come for departing, thou, suspending
Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,
Another still to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
And suddenly my head is cover'd o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now in that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me discarding
Yon heaven, thy home, that waits and opes its door!

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy, and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world! as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
(Alfred, dear friend) that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each
Pressed gently, with his own head turned away

Over the earth, where so much lay before him
Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,
And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went
To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our souls' content.
—My angel with me too; and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent):

And since he did not work so earnestly
At all times, and has else endured some wrong,
I took one thought his picture struck from me,
And spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here—where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
This is Ancona; yonder is the sea.

JAMIE DOUGLAS

'Twas in the days when Claverhouse was scouring moor and glen,
To shake with fire and ~~bloody~~ heavy sword the faith of Scottish men,
~~They~~ WHO had made a covenant with the Lord, firm in their faith to bide
Nor break with Him their plighted word whatever might betide.

The sun was nearly setting, when o'er the heather wild,
And up a narrow mountain-path alone there walked a child.
He was a bonnie blithesome lad, lithe and strong of limb,
A father's pride and a mother's love were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eyes glanced fearless round, his step was
firm and light,
What was it underneath his plaid his little hands clasped
tight?
'Twas the bannocks which that morning his mother had
made with care
From out her scanty store of meal, and now, with many a
prayer,
Had sent by Jamie, her ain boy, a trusty lad and brave,
To good old pastor Tammas Roy, now hiding in yon cave,
For whom the bloody Claverhouse had hunted long in vain,
And swore he would not leave that glen till old Tam Roy
was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way with heart that knew no
fear,
He turned the great curve in the rock nor dreamed that
death was near.
But lurking there were Claver's men, who laughed aloud
with glee.
He turned to flee, but all in vain, they drag him back a pace
To where their cruel leader stands, and set them face to
face.

The cakes concealed beneath the plaid soon tell the story
plain.
"'Tis old Tam Roy these cakes are for!" exclaimed the
angry man.
"Boy, guide me to his hiding-place, and I will let you go,"
But Jamie shook his yellow curls, and stoutly answered,
"No."

"I'll drop you down the mountain cliffs, and there among
the stones,
The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow shall battle for your
bones,"

And in his brawny strong right hand he lifted up the child,
And held him o'er a clefted rock, a chasm deep and wild.
So deep it was the trees below like willow wands did seem,
The poor boy looked in frightened maze, it seemed some horrid dream.
He looked up to the sky above, and then at the men close by,
Had they no little ones at home, and could they let him die?

But no one spoke, or no one moved, or lifted hand to save
From such a fearful awful death the little lad so brave,
"It's waefu' deep," he shuddering cried, "but, oh! I canna tell,
Sae drap me doon there if ye will, it's nae sae deep as hell."

A childish scream, a faint dull sound, oh, Jamie Douglas true,
Long, long within that lonely cave shall Tam Roy wait for you,
And long for thy welcome coming waits the mother on the moor,
And watches and cries, "Come, Jamie, lad," through the half-open door.

No more adown the rocky path you come with fearless tread,
Or on the moor and mountains take the good man's daily bread,
But up in heaven the shining ones, a wondrous story tell,
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf that's nae sae deep as hell.
And there before the great white throne, forever blessed and glad,
His mother dear and old Tam Roy shall meet their bonnie lad.

Top the saviour's Bridge
where the Martyrs songs still swell.
There's a child

THE VERY LAST

J. J. Bell

I DREAMED I saw two souls set forth
Through life, and bearing loads;
They both were bent on Heaven's ascent,
But followed different roads.

The one chanced on a well-worn track,
Where saints had trod before;
And running straight soon reached the gate
Of Rest for Evermore.

The other—God knows why he found
No path so sanctified—
Went blundering on from dawn till dawn,
Till all the world had died.

For many a tempting turn he took,
To be betrayed by Sin.
How oft he fell he wept to tell,
Yet dared to hope to win.

So when the tired world's toils were o'er,
And all the seasons past,
Sad, sick, and sore, he reached God's door,
And crept in—least and last.

And some stood by who wondered why
The Master spake no blame;
They had not heard His tender word:
"*I* know the way you came."

THE THREE STUDENTS

(*From the German*)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(From *Selected Poems, National and Non-Oriental* (Trubner & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

THERE came three students from over the Rhine,
To a certain good hostel they turned them for wine.

"Ho! Landlady, have you strong wine and beer?
How fareth the Fräulein, your daughter dear?"

"My beer is fresh, and my wine is bright;
My child will be shrouded and buried to-night."

They drew the door of her death-room back,
There she slept in her coffin black:—

The first he lifted the veil from the dead,
And bared his curls, and bended, and said,

"Ah! could'st thou but live again, maiden, here
From this day forth I would love thee dear!"

The second spread softly the face-cloth again,
And his tears fell fast as the midsummer rain.

"Dead! art thou, Lisbeth? cold, lip and brow.
Ah, God! I learn how I loved thee now!"

But the third in his hand did the little hand take,
And kissed the white forehead, and smiled and spake,

"I love thee to-day as I loved thee before,
I shall love thee as truly for evermore."

SAN STEFANO

Henry Newbolt

(*By special permission of the Author*)

It was morning at St Helen's in the great and gallant days
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
When the frigate set her courses all a-shimmer in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and took the tide.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

She was clear of Monte-Cristo, she was heading for the land,
When she spied a pennant red and white and blue;
They were foemen and they knew it, and they'd half a league in hand,
But she flung aloft her royals and she flew.
She was nearer, nearer, nearer—they were caught beyond a doubt,
But they slipped her into Orbetello Bay,
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now, Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,
Son and grandson of an admiral was he,
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the chase,
And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.
And he called across the decks, "Ay, the cheering might be late
If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs;
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns."

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she woke,
And they hammered back like heroes all the night;
But before the morning broke she had vanished through the smoke,
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St Helen's in the great and gallant time,
And the sky behind the down was flushing far;
And the flags were all a-flutter and the bells were all a-chime
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine-and-forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

THE LAST OF THE *EURYDICE*

SIR NOEL PATON

(*By special permission of the Author*)

THE training ship *Eurydice*,
As brave a craft, I ween,
As ever bore brave men who loved
Their country and their queen.
Built when a ship, sir, was a ship,
And not a steam-machine.

A year or more, she had been out
Cruising the Indian Seas,
And now with all her canvas bent
Before a homeward breeze,
Up Channel in her pride she came
The saucy *Eurydice*.

"Only an hour from Spithead, lads;
Only an hour from home."
So sang the captain's cheery voice,
As she clove the sunlit foam;
And each young sea-dog's heart sang back
"Only an hour from home."

We saw the hills of Devon rise
Far in the Sabbath sun;
We marked each hamlet gleaming white;
The church spires one by one;

We thought we heard the church bells ring
To hail our voyage done.

No warning ripple crisped the wave,
To tell of danger nigh;
Nor looming rack, nor driving scud
From out a smiling sky;
With noise as of the trump of doom,
The squall broke suddenly.

A giant squall of wind and snow
From off the Devon shore,
It caught us in its blinding whirl
One instant, and no more;
For ere we dreamt of trouble near,
All earthly hope was o'er.

No time to shorten sail—no time
To change the vessel's course;
The squall had caught her crowded masts
With swift resistless force;
Only one shrill despairing cry,
Rose o'er the tumult hoarse.

And broadside the great ship went down,
Amid the whirling foam,
And with her our four hundred men
Went down in sight of home.
(Fletcher and I alone were saved)
Only an hour from home.

OUR FOLKS

ETHEL LYNN

"HI! Harry! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two;
You've been on furlough? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do?

It's long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks:—
When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of 'our folks'?

"You did? Shake hands. That warms my heart; for, if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling. People think a soldier's heart is naught but tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his 'folks.'

"And so you saw them—when? and where? The Old Man—is he hearty yet?
And Mother—does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis—has she grown tall? And did you see her friend,—you know,—
That Annie Moss—how this pipe chokes!—where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks.'

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday? No?—A funeral? Who? Who, Harry?—How you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out—What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man, what's the matter with 'our folks'?"

"I said all well, old comrade—true; I say all well; for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west.

Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—fair Annie blooms no more! . . . and that's the matter with your 'folks.'

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom from her breast;
And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter, telling all the rest:—
Bear up, old friend!" . . . Nobody speaks: only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still; there's some bad news from Granger's 'folks.'"

He turned his back—the only foe that ever saw it—on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind Nature sends to Woe's relief,
Then answers—"Thank you, Hal, I'll try; but in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among 'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now; but still I can't help thinking too,
I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind, and true—
But maybe not . . . She's safe up there! and, when God's hands deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks.'"

THE BUGLE SONG

LORD TENNYSON

THE splendour falls on castle walls, and snowy summits old in story; the long light shakes across the lakes, and the

wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying; blow, bugle—answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear, and thinner, clearer, farther going; oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar, the horns of Elfland faintly blowing! Blow! bugle, blow! let us hear the purple glens replying; blow, bugle—answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky! they faint on hill, on field, on river; our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying; answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

CLERICAL WIT

ANON.

A PARSON, who a missionary had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveller in benighted lands,
Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block;
How martyrs suffer'd in the ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes;
And though his were eloquent words and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
He marked with sorrow each unconscious nod,
Within the portals of the house of God.
And once this new expedient thought he'd take
In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake.
Said he, "While travelling in a distant state,
I witness'd scenes which I will here relate.
'Twas in a deep uncultivated wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howl'd,
Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowl'd,

And on my word, mosquitoes there were found;
Many of which, I think, would weigh a pound!
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark
They oft were known to climb the trees and bark!"
The audience seem'd taken by surprise,
All started up and rubb'd their wondering eyes.
At such a tale they were all much amazed,
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
And we must say in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tales like this credulity appall'd;
Next day the deacons on the pastor call'd,
And begged to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.
"Why, sir," said one, "think what a monstrous weight!
Were they as large as you were pleased to state?
You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true.
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"
"Ah, but it is!" the parson quick replied;
"In what I stated you may well confide;
Many, I said, sir, and the story's good—
Indeed I think that many of them would!"
The deacon saw at once that he was caught—
Yet deemed himself relieved, on second thought.
"But then the barking—think of that, good man!
Such monstrous lies! Explain it, if you can!"
"Why, that, my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climbed the bark, sir, when they climb'd the trees!'

HOW JIMMY TENDED THE BABY

ANON.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of

it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy;" and then as soon as you have it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!"

It's pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it; but that's the way boys are treated. Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a cricket match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "Be sure not to let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes, while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again, the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked a

him, he'd got out the sponge and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now, I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased.

So I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined. The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language.

When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that didn't hurt much.

The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you, it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

THE DREAM

E. B. Browning

I had a dream !—my spirit was unbound
From the dark iron of its dungeon, clay,
And rode the steeds of Time ;—my thoughts had sound,
And spoke without a word,—I went away

Among the buried ages, and did lay
The pulses of my heart beneath the touch
Of the rude minstrel Time, that he should play
Thereon, a melody which might seem such
As musing spirits love, mournful, but not too much!

I had a dream—and there mine eyes did see
The shadows of past deeds like present things—
The sepulchres of Greece and Hespery,
Ægyptus, and old lands, gave up their kings,
Their prophets, saints, and minstrels, whose lute-strings
Keep a long echo—yea, the dead, white bones
Did stand up by the house whereto Death clings,
And dressed themselves in life, speaking of thrones,
And fame, and power, and beauty, in familiar tones!

I went back further still, for I beheld
What time the earth was one fair Paradise—
And over such bright meads the waters welled,
I wot the rainbow was content to rise
Upon the earth, when absent from the skies!
And there were tall trees that I never knew,
Whereon sate nameless birds in merry guise,
Folding their radiant wings, as the flowers do,
When summer nights send sleep down with the dew.

. . . . . .

Anon there came a change—a terrible motion,
That made all living things grow pale and shake!
The dark Heavens bowed themselves unto the ocean,
Like a strong man in strife—Ocean did take
His flight across the mountains; and the lake
Was lashed into a sea where the winds ride:
Earth was no more, for in her merrymake
She had forgot her God—Sin claimed his bride,
And with his vampire breath sucked out her life's fair tide!

Life went back to her nostrils, and she raised
Her spirit from the waters once again—
The lovely sights, on which I erst had gazed,
Were not—though she was beautiful as when
The Grecian called her "Beauty"—sinful men
Walked i' the track of the waters, and felt bold—
Yea, they looked up to Heaven in calm disdain,
As if no eyes had seen its vault unfold
Darkness and fear and death !—as if a tale were told !

And ages fled away within my dream ;
And still Sin made the heart his dwelling-place,
Eclipsing Heaven from men ; but it would seem
That two or three dared commune face to face,
And speak of the soul's life, of hope, and grace
Anon there rose such sounds as angels breathe—
For a God came to die, bringing down peace—
"Pan was not ;" and the darkness that did wreathe
The earth, passed from the soul—Life came by death !

. . . . . .

FELL FROM ALOFT

BRANDON THOMAS

(*By special permission of the Author*)

"Fell from aloft, in the restless sea,"
Shriek the wild birds o'er ocean flee ;
Lost in the depths shall a loved one be,
While a mother's heart breaks silently.

. . . . . .

A gallant bark, by Afric's Cape,
Was speeding fast towards India's strand,
A jaunty flirt as e'er did 'scape
King Tempest's cruel, crushing hand ;

Now the breeze blew fresh and strong,
Despite the heat the fierce sun shed,
While lounging sailors humm'd the song
And view'd with pride the wings o'erhead;
The ocean's hue,
So deeply blue,
Was broken with waves with white-foam'd tip,
White as the wings of the dainty ship,
Bright as the sunlit sky o'erhead,
Merry and dashing as on she sped,
As this storm-coquette with her lightsome skip.

. . . . . .

Hark! from aloft, a skyward hail,
Sings down for sailor-tools below;
A boy springs lightly to the rail,
A blue-ey'd boy, aloft to go.
No fear has he, this sailor child,
His flaxen curls the winds blow wild;
His feet are bare, his heart beats free,
His face but new brown burnt at sea,
And he sings as he clambers with height'ning glee,
Now clinging by cords that mere threads seem to be.
From the round-top he climbs to the cross-trees above—
Oh! fond, doting mother, could'st but see thy love—
Higher and higher, his curls dazzling bright,
His heart leaps with pride, he reaches the height,
Where a sailor's at work on the uppermost spar,
Singing songs of the home that he's leaving afar.
There's a crack—and a scream—and the man hugs the mast,
As he views, in cold horror, the boy falling fast,
With vainly-spread arms, to the ocean's blue breast,
To the high-leaping wave and its hungering crest,
And the ship's flitting shadow fall low like a pall,
As the sea-birds scream by with a requiem call!

"Man overboard!" shrieks he o'erhead,
The ship to the helm comes round;
A boat is launched in silence dread,
But the boy was never found;
Strong men wept as they sought the child,
Never again to be seen,
And 'mid the waves they search'd and toil'd
Till night fell over the scene.

'Tis said Old England proud uprears
Her strength upon a rock;
That rock is hearts that know no fears,
That brave the direst shock;
Her sons' stout hearts, her hope and joy,
Have made the heart of that brave boy,
Drown'd from aloft at sea.

JOHN'S WAY

HOSEA, Jun. (A. St John Adcock)
(In "*The Spectator*," *by special permission of the Author*)

J. BULL has got his faults, maybe;
There's furrin' chaps es good es he,
An' some thet's wuss, 'twixt you an' me,
Whatever folk may say;
He's glad to tread a peaceful track
Till others hits him fust, ker-smack!
An' then he'll turn tu hit 'em back,
Fer thet's John's way!

Et's true he likes tu strut aroun',
An' go paradin' up an' down
With all the rabble in the town
A-shouting out "Hooray!"

He'll boast afore a fight is won,
But when the little job's begun,
He don't leave off until it's done,
  Fer thet's John's way!

"I know thet I'm a man of worth,"
Ses John, "an' great an' good by birth;
I'll lick the biggest foe on earth
  Es dares me tu the fray!"
Such blustirin' mayn't be highly bred,
But, all the same, he goes ahead
An' does exactly what he said,
  Fer thet's John's way!

John *hes* a foolish trait or so,
He's vain, he's noisy, yet we know
He hes a lion heart although
  He tries so hard ter bray;
There's some, they're foolish critters too,
Thet brags uv what they dursn't do;
J. B.—he meks *his* boast come true,
  Fer thet's John's way!

An' after all, he might be wuss.
He ain't a vicious kind uv cuss,
But rather like the rest uv us,
  A mixter—gold an' clay;
He hates his foe, like wusser men,
An' knocks him flat, b'gosh:—but then
He'll help him tu his feet agen,
  Fer thet's John's way!

It's just his way—he can't be got
Ter fight till he hes talked a lot
Of all he's done afore, an' what
  He's goin' ter do to-day;

But when he's took his coat off—my!
Yer can't prevent him ef yer try,
He'll do the business thoroughly.
Fer thet's John's way!

FOR FATHER'S SAKE

ALEC LOCHHEAD

(From "*The People's Friend*," *by special permission of the Author*)

ONLY a story of boyish pluck,
Of love that was brave and true;
Only a lad with a hero's heart
Who did what few men could do.
'Twas out in the Indian Mutiny,
Alone in the midst of strife,
The boy kept guard o'er his father's house;
Guard o'er his father's life.
Wounded and helpless, Major Brown,
The last white man in the place,
Lay hid in a secret room within,
While Jack stood face to face
With the vengeful mob in the court without,
Rising like mountain flood,
Gathering there in the night like wolves,
Athirst for his father's blood.
Sepoys trained by the man they sought,
Men he had trusted long,
Men whose minds had been turned to hate
With thoughts of sacred wrong.
There were angry looks in the ranks that day,
They had frowned at his firm command,

And now he lay with a deadly wound;
  Shot down by a coward's hand.
While Jack, with the whistling balls around,
  In the light of the dying day,
Stood over the crowd in the court beneath,
  And kept them awhile at bay.
There was just one pathway up to the house,
  And the rebels held back a space,
For they saw the mouth of the great black gun
  That pointed down in their face;
And they knew that the boy by the cannon's side
  Was the son of the man they'd shot;
Knew that the lad had his father's grit,
  And would die ere he'd leave the spot.
He stood in the shade of the loaded gun,
  Unharmed by the shots of the foe;
One touch with the ready match in his hand
  Meant death in that crowd below.
"Stand back!" they shouted. "Back from the gun;
  You'll die, if you dare refuse;
But show us the place where your father hides,
  And your life shall be spared! Now choose!"
Clear came the boyish voice from above,
  "I've chosen! I'd rather die,
Than live to think of my father's fate,
  And I like a coward stood by.
"Soldiers!" he cried, "You were father's men;
  He thought you were good and true,
And why should you seek his life to-night,
  He aye has been kind to you?
Go back to your duty, give up the man
  Who fired yon traitor's shot,
And father will pardon the rest of you,
  In spite of the wound he's got."

He stopped, and a howl of heedless rage
Came up from the men below,
But still they paused, for up to that gun
They knew it meant death to go.
Once more they cried—"Will you stand from the gun,
And show us the tyrant's den?"
"No! never a step," was the firm reply,
As their rifles rang out again.
And there in the cannon's shade he stood,
With both hands armed for the fight,
His father's pistol clasped in his left,
The ready match in his right.
He looked away o'er the plain beyond,
Whence the help of his friends might come,
And he prayed for the tramp of the Highlanders,
And the sound of their pipe and drum.
But he saw not that creeping, snake-like form
Up in the shadow glide,
Till crack! went a rifle, and Jack's left arm
Dropped helplessly by his side.
He reeled and fell, and a savage yell
Came up through the narrow pass,
As the Sepoys broke from the court below
And charged in a solid mass.
Up! and up! with a maddened rush,
Howling like beasts of prey,
Up, till the foremost man of the crowd
Was but a few yards away;
When the brave boy staggered up to his feet
With a lighted match in his hand,
"Halt! men, halt! or I'll fire!" he cried;
But on they came in a band.
A flash! a roar like the thunder's roll,
As the shot burst forth on the foe,

Cutting a pathway of smoke and blood
  Down to the court below,
Leaving the trace of its awful flight
  Over the blood-wet ground—
Dying and dead in a mingled mass
  Lying like leaves around.
And the living paused to look on the dead,
  O'erawed by that ghastly sight,
But only a moment, then sprang on the boy
  With cries that rang through the night.
They struck at his face with their cruel fists,
  They threw him down on the ground,
They searched the house, but their search was vain
  Then back they came with a bound.
They jerked him up by his wounded arm,
  And madly hissed in his ear,
"Speak, or we'll tear you limb from limb;
  Show us his room: you hear?"
A flush spread over the boy's pale face,
  But he lifted a fearless eye,
"Sell you my father's life?" he said,
  "Never! I'd sooner die."
They tied him there to the cannon's mouth,
  They loaded it swift again;
"Five minutes to choose, for we'll fire that gun,
  When the clock on yon tower strikes ten."
All alone in the face of death,
  None that could save him nigh;
Just five minutes of youth's sweet life—
  How hard did it seem to die!
One! Away o'er the darkened plain
  He looked with a longing gaze,
On and up where the silent stars
  Watched with their kindly rays.

"Father in Heaven," he softly prayed,
"Help me to feel Thou'rt nigh;
Save me: or grant that for father's sake
I won't be afraid to die."
Two! He looked at the great dark tower;
Soon would its deep-tone bell
Boom aloud through the silent night,
Ringing his own death knell.
Three! Is it fancy? Down there below,
Right by the myrtle grove,
Strange shadows mingle with bush and tree—
Shadows that seem to move
Nearer and near; gliding swift
Under the trees they go,
Forms of men on a secret march,
Can it be friend or foe?
Four! Behind him a sepoy stands
Waiting the fatal chime;
Only a minute! if these be friends,
God grant they may be in time!
See! they pause in the palm trees shade,
They form into line again;
Hark! 'tis the rattle of bayonets!
At last! 'tis his father's men;
Men who have fought by the Major's side
In many a hard-won strife,
Bringing back at the bayonet's point
A message of death and life.
The sepoy hears! he has seized a match—
Too late! From the wall's deep shade
A form has sprung, and the sepoy falls
'Neath the swing of a British blade.
Charge! Was ever a wilder cheer?
As the Highlanders, side by side,

'Mid the rattle of drum, and the bagpipes shriek,
Came on with a swinging stride.
Up in a glittering wall of steel
That the rebels resist in vain,
Cutting them down as the reaper's scythe
Cuts through the autumn grain;
Bearing them back till the last that lives
Has fled, and the fight is won;
And a shout goes up from the men once more,
A cheer for their Major's son.
They carry him safe to his father's side,
They watch, as with tears of joy
The father raises a feeble arm,
And clasps it round his boy.
Did they live? Ay, both! and for many a day
The men by their camp fires spake
Of the boy that stood by the gun that night,
And fought *for his father's sake.*

"THE POWDER-MONKEY"

MICHAEL WATSON

(*By special permission of* Edwin Ashdown (Ltd.) Music Publishers)

A YARN I've got to spin as how I've heard my old dad tell,
Of a gallant little hero who a-board the *Vict'ry* fell;
He was brimmin' full o' courage, and was just the sort o' lad
To make the sort o' sailor that our Navy's always had
As powder-monkey, little Jim was pet o' all the crew,
With his flaxen hair so curly, an' his pretty eyes o' blue;
An' the bo's'un always said as how that what got over him,
Was the chorus of a sailor's song, as sung by Little Jim.

Chorus—

"Soon we'll be in London town, sing, my lads, ye ho!
An' see the king in a golden crown: sing, my lads, ye ho!
Heave ho! on we go, sing, my lads, ye ho!
Who's a-feared to meet the foe? sing, my lads, ye ho!"

In 'ninety-eight we chas'd the foe right into "Bonky Bay,"
And we fought away like niggers all the night till break o' day.
The foeman's flagship *Or-i-ent* was blow'd away sky high,
With the admiral an' all his crew—an' sarve 'em right, says I.
Now Little Jim was in the thick o' all the fire and smoke,
An' he seemed to think that fightin' hard was nothin' but a joke,
For he handed up the powder from the magazine below,
An' all the while a-singin', like as if his pluck to show—

(*Chorus.*)

But Little Jim was book'd, for as the fight was just on won
A musket bullet pick'd him off, a-fore his song was done,
They took him to the cockpit, where a-smilin' he did lie,
And the sailors—well, there warn't a man but somehow pip'd his eye.
Says Jim—"My lads, don't fret for me, but if the shore ye see,
Give a kiss to dear old mother, an' say it came from me."
An' there never was a braver heart that serv'd our gracious king,
Than the little powder-monkey, who so gaily used to sing—

(*Chorus.*)

A SON OF ORPHEUS

(CONDENSED)

CLIFFORD HARRISON

(From "*On the Common Chords*," *by special permission of the Author and* Messrs A. D. Innes & Co., Publishers)

"GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night! The feast is done,
I must be getting on my way.
'Happy the bride the sun shines on!'
And never brighter sunlight shone
Than ours this happy bridal day!
Another glass? Well, then, just one.
A parting bumper, as you say,—
Swiftly the smiling hours fly past,
When young feet trip it on the floor.
What! Yet another dance?—one more?—
My fiddle's tired . . . old!—I, too!
Well, look you—if I play for you,
You will not grudge my fiddler's fee?
And what is that, you ask,—What—
And how much?—Why, listen—this—
A good, fair, honest, buxom kiss!
You'll pay?—Then, for your dance; here 'tis!"
He fiddled well, and well the feet
The floor in tuneful measure beat.
And fast and faster went the bow,
And fast and faster, to and fro,
The dancers danced: till when the flight
Of foot and bow were at their height,

And through the merry laughing rout
The rhythm of the polka swung,
The fiddler broke off with a shout.

"Good-night! This time, good-night, indeed,
In vain ye tempt, in vain ye plead.
No; not another bar I'll play.
Have ye not danced enough, I say?
Toed it and heeled it all the night?
For shame! You're cruel. Nay is nay.
I've far to go: and ere 'twas light
This morning did I start from home.
We've had a jolly day! Now, come!
Give me my fee. Then, one glass more,
And see me safe outside the door.
Charles, here's my hand. God bless you, boy!
Marie, Good-night! Health, wealth, and joy
Be yours—and always—all thro' life!
Here's health to bridegroom and to wife!"

The farewell voices die away.
The light that streamed with ruddy ray
Out from the open cottage door
Fades down and dwindles more and more:
And now it gleams, and now 'tis gone!
The road turns sharply to the right;
Up the hillside he trudges on
As best he can.

'Tis dead of night.
The clouds are scurrying o'er the sky,
The wind, with ghostly homeless sigh,
Wails in the trees: and hark! hard by,
The night-jar croaks with bodeful cry.

Some snow fell on the hills last night.
Above the woods of fir and pine,
The great slopes, looming phantom-white,
Across the midnight darkness shine.
But naught of this the fiddler heeds;
Well-used to dark and lonesome ways,
Onward with stumbling feet he speeds,
And only thinks of all the day's
Good fare and fun—and that sweet fee
She gave—and gave so willingly!
Meanwhile, come—courage! step along
And cheer the darkness with a song.
"A merry heart is good sometimes."
Here are the cross roads. Shall we keep
The highroad,—or that short cut try,
And save a good two miles thereby?
A thousand feet or more below,
The village lies: and yonder, see!
The first white little patch of snow.
The road or short cut shall it be?
The wood, perhaps, is dark and black
At night. Ah, bah! We know each yard;
No fear of straying from the track.
Safe, safe enough! and not so hard
As that long road. We'll try the wood.
The moon will soon have risen. Good.
So in we go.

Dark, dark and still,
Among the tall black pines: so dark
You scarce can see a tree until
Your hand, in passing scrapes the bark.
Onward he trudges. Not a sound.
He knows each turn and inch of ground.

How silent 'tis in here! And hark!
What's that? 'Twas some one following!
No, no:—but he has ceased to sing
A sense of loneliness has put
Its finger on his lip: his foot
Is somehow spurred to hasten on.
Look!—stop a minute,—something shone
Out of the darkness yonder. There!
It shone again—and now 'tis gone.
He turns to look behind, and sees
What seem two eyes of greenish glare
That watch him from between the trees—
Two cruel spectral eyes that stare!
His heart is nipped with sudden frost
Of fear. Those eyes!—and see!—another pair!—
Mon Dieu!—and there!—and there!—and there!—
Encircled by them everywhere!
"A pack of wolves! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He looks at them with freezing breath
He knows they are the eyes of Death.
His voice breaks up the silent air
In shout on shout. Against a pine
He sets his back.
He feels his life each moment hangs
Over the edge of doom. But see—
That pair of eyes is coming close,
Closer, and closer—
He faints and slips
Upon the smooth fir-needles,—grips
A branch, and in the struggle twangs
The fiddle slung behind his back.
And in a moment all the pack
Of wolves start back, and listen—dazed

Arrested! Like a flash there shoots
Across the fiddler's brain a tale
Once heard, of how these savage brutes
Are tamed by music.
Swift as the thought, the violin
Is clutched, the bow is poised: and thin
And shrill, as if with frightened wail,
The strings, with almost human cry,
Croak out their challenge, and begin
Their grim death-dance of agony.

Play, fiddler, play! for life you play.
Give them your best. No moment stay.
Play, play, with quickening pulse and breath.
That cat-gut is the leash of Death;
Once broke or slipped, 'tis at your throat.
Play, man, as never yet did man
Since first the fiddling world began!
So great is music's magic spell,
It binds in one heaven, earth, and hell.

Ah, God! a string breaks with a snap!
No time to fix another one!
On, on! pray heaven the others last!
A twang—a cry! Another's gone!
Sense almost swoons—hope stands aghast.
Nothing he sees but eyes—eyes—eyes!
"Help! Help! I'm lost!" A twang—a crack!
The third string gone: but one remains.

The brutes begin to feel the reins
Are growing slack. They edge more near,
With more of hunger, less of fear.

The end is surely come at last.
The poor scraped notes diminish fast,
Although he works with might and main.

It is too much! It is too much!
Ah! neither tortured string nor heart
Can any longer bear their part:
They snap beneath this final touch.

Both in that awful moment fail,
And sense goes out in one sharp wail—
One last despairing cry for help!
But lo! as all the savage pack
Bark out the signal for attack,
A shot is heard:—a whip's sharp crack!—
Jangle of sledge-bells on the snow!
And bang! bang! bang! the rifles go.

Two brutes fall dead with snarl and yelp;
The rest, like cowards, all turn tail,
And, skurrying off in wild affright,
Vanish as spectres in the night.

THE *AIDAR'S* MASTER

H. D. Rawnsley, M.A.

(From "*Ballads of Brave Deeds*" (J. M. Dent & Co.), *by special permission of Canon Rawnsley*)

We had passed Messina's Straits
And the whirlpool at the Gates,
When suddenly in Adria we saw the rockets leap;

And we heard our captain say
As we lowered boats away,
"She cannot last much longer, for her hull is lying deep."

And we toiled through all that night,
And by gray of morning light,
Though the master still stood by her, we had rescued twenty-nine;
But he cried from off the wreck:
"With a wounded man on deck,
What master would forsake a man?
His fate shall be mine."

And our hearts were sorely tried
As we pulled off from her side,
For his courage seemed to shame us,
As from death and doom we fled.
Then the *Aidar* rolled in pain,
Foundered head-first in the main,
And we felt the whirlpool surges as we plied our oars in dread.
Oh, the glory of that grave!
Oh, the wild, unfeeling wave!
Never better heart of Englishman had sunk beneath the sea,
What a death to show man great!
What a deed outfacing fate!
Britain's sons by such self-conquest shall a wide world's conqueror's be.

But we saw a dark thing and coat:
God be praised! The *Aidar's* boat—

Bottom up! with men upon her! firemen, master! How we cheered!
How we rowed across the swirl!
Heedless all of water-whirl!
How the sea-foam spray right over,
As for rescue straight we steered!

But the master bravely cried,
When the coxswain came beside:
"Save the fireman! he is helpless! I am sound of lung and bone!
He who brought me from the deep,
Twenty fathoms, sure can keep
Life or death, it little matters, if there's duty to be done."

So with skill of hand and oar,
Very gently then we bore
The fireman, nigh to swooning from the bitter cold and pain.
But no word of praise would come
As full-hearted we went home,
With the truest master-mariner that ever sailed the main.

THE LAST TOKEN

W. A. Eaton

(*This piece appears by the special permission of* Messrs Reynolds & Co., 13 Bernes Street, London, W., *by whom it is published as a musical monologue*)

[A holiday in Rome—the azure sky was all unflecked by clouds as if the eye of the Eternal looked from Heaven's high dome on the great city—proud, imperial Rome!

The Coliseum was crowded, row on row, a sea of human faces all aglow with mad excitement, for the day would be a rare occasion of wild revelry. For there were gladiator fights and shows of manly strength and as a fitting close to the diversions of that joyous time a band of Christians, whose most heinous crime was preaching a new doctrine, were to be thrown to the lions that all the crowd might see how little the strange God to whom they prayed cared if His followers were stoned or flayed.

. . . . . .

The sports are over and the setting sun is hurrying towards the west, as if to shun the sickening sight. A sudden hush upon the people fell, and then uprose a fierce and savage yell.]

"See where they come, that faithful little band,
Chanting a hymn about their fatherland:
The Heaven of which they speak with so much joy,
That home of happiness without alloy.
See yonder maiden with the saint-like face
And form of beauty full of fire and grace,
She lifts her head as if she were a queen,
No trace of fear in her actions seen.
Now come the lions growling mad with rage,
Hungry and glad to leave their tight-barred cage.
See yonder royal beast with flowing mane
Lashing his side and roaring with disdain,

Gazing around upon the yelling crowd,
Answering their shouts by growlings long and loud.
The maiden stands as statue-like as death,
The crowd in terror gaze with bated breath.
While as she stands, there falls just at her feet
A lovely rose, still filled with perfume sweet.

Upward she gazes with wide-open eyes,
Ah! well she knows who flung the dainty prize.
'Tis he, her lover, who had vainly tried
To win her from the faith for which she died.
He worshipped Venus, Bacchus, and the train
Of heathen gods who do their votaries chain
To sinful pleasures, making virtue nought.
She was a Christian, and had often sought
To stir his heart with love of Him who died,
But he had laughed at her most earnest prayer,
And toss'd a goblet in the sunny air,
And said, "We live and die, then take our fill
Of pleasure now, and let them groan that will.
Why should we waste our youth in solemn fast,
If we are buried just like dogs at last?
Nay, drive this Christian nonsense from your head
And be my own, and then when we are wed
We will worship Venus and the God of Love.
Give me your hand, say 'Yes,' my gentle dove."

And as she told him she must confess
Her faith in Christ, though martyrdom no less
Was the reward of all who worshipped Him,
Of all who dared to chant their holy hymn.
And now she was to prove her faith by death.
The lions were close—she almost felt their breath

Upon her cheek. She stood with anguish dumb,
And strained her eyes to see if he would come
To watch her die. The rose had fallen there,
She stooped and placed it in her raven hair.
Then looked again and saw her lover's face,
And arms held down as if he would embrace
Her even now. A moment, and she turned from her set purpose.
Then new ardour burned within her breast
And she stood proud and calm, as if she knew
The lions could do her no harm—
And then uprose the Christians' holy hymn.
The sickening sight now makes the senses swim
And we will draw a veil o'er the sad scene.

. . . . . .

Night in the Coliseum—the crowd has gone—
One being wanders in that scene forlorn.
He stands upon the place where she had died,
And breathes the name of Christ the crucified.
And stooping down, among the martyred dead,
He finds a rose now dyed a deeper red.
Some fragments of a dress he knew was hers,
He places in his breast and new life stirs within
His heart, and as he leaves the place
With head bowed low, with slow and solemn pace
He softly murmurs as he homeward goes:
"Jesus, be Thou my guide till life shall close."
But was he coward? Did he hide away?
Not many weeks on a great festal day,
Another band of Christians stood to die,
Lifting their glorious hymn of triumph high.
Where she had stood he boldly takes his stand,
A withered rose clasped in his strong right hand.

THE MONK AND THE BIRD

SIR ALFRED LYALL

(From "*Verses Written in India*," *by special permission of the Author*)

IN a valley encircled by endless woods,
Silent and sombre, a convent stood;
In front a garden; beyond the pale
The forest spread over hill and dale,
And its paths were seldom trod.

One summer evening of ages gone
A gray monk worked in the garden alone,
Heavily turning the deep clay soil;
And his breath came hard with the straining toil,
As he prayed aloud to God.

"Alas!" cried he, "for the path is steep
And the goal is far, and the slow hours creep.
When shall I finish the tale of my years,
Of days in silence and nights in tears,
And come to my promised rest?"

He lifted his face to the comforting sky,
And he saw, where sat in a tree hard by,
A bird whose plumes like the rainbow shone;
It sang three notes with a silvery tone,
And as if to a new-built nest.

Over the garden he saw it flit
Into the forest; and there it lit.
Again in the leaves its song he heard;
He was fain to follow the beautiful bird,
And he entered the woodland maze.

The bird flew slowly from bough to bough,
Up the valley-side to the low hill's brow;
From the spreading beech on the mossy bank
To the willow weeping o'er marsh pools dank;
He could but follow and gaze.

Ever it fluttered above his head;
Ever it looked, and was lingering led
Through grassy glades and tangled woods,
Deep into shady solitudes
Of many a fern-clad hollow.

For he thought that a bird so rich and so rare
Never had floated on summer air;
He could not lose it, he needs must roam;
It seemed to beckon and bid him come:
He could not choose but follow.

At last on a wych elm, gnarled and gray,
As the monk drew nearer, it seemed to stay,
Then spread its wings for a sudden flight
Over the tree-tops, out of his sight;
And he turned back drearily.

He reached his garden in twilight dim;
The trees looked gaunt and the convent grim;
He rang at the gate as vesper tolled,
And the porter opened it, blind and old,
And he entered wearily.

But the hall had suffered a secret change.
With unknown faces and accent strange
The monks rose up as they heard his name;
They asked his errand and whence he came.
And he told them his tale forlorn.

Some counted their beads, one muttered a prayer;
He knew not why they should gather and stare.
He stood in the midst like one distraught,
And the friendly voices in vain he sought
Of the *frères* he had left that morn.

At last came the abbot, aged and bent;
He scanned his features with eyes intent;
And he cried, "Be it he or his wandering ghost,
'Tis the face of the monk in the forest lost
Some forty summers agone!

"Is he roaming still, though the mass was said
And the requiem sang for a brother dead!
Does he dream he has rambled this livelong day?
'Tis two-score years since he vanished away!"
But the monk gave answer none.

Save only he said, "Have I journeyed so long?
Welcome at last is the evensong;
Let me take the sleep I have earned so well."
And he died that night in his ancient cell,
And the brethren closed his eyes.

So the prayer was granted: from youth to age
God shortened the term of his pilgrimage:
The said years passed like a day's sunlight,
And the sweet-voiced bird with the plumage bright
Was a bird of Paradise.

ADMIRALS ALL

("A SONG OF SEA KINGS")

HENRY NEWBOLT

(From "*The Island Race*" (Elkin Matthews), *by special permission of the Author*)

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame!
And honour as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came.
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two:
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried
And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying, above, below,
When Nelson sailed the sound:
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped his glass to his sightless eye,
And "I'm blessed if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all for England's sake,
Honour be yours, and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

THE DEATH OF ARNKEL

EDMUND GOSSE

(*By special permission of the Author*)

ACROSS the roaring board in Helgafell,
Above the clash of ringing horns of ale,
The guests of Snorri, reddened with the frost,
Weighed all their comrades through a winter night,
Disputing which was first in thew and brain,
And courteous acts of manhood; some averred
Their host, the shifty Snorri, first of men,
While some were bent to Arnkel, some to Styrr.
Then Thorleif Kimbi shouted down the hall,
"Folly and windy talk! the stalwart limbs
Of Styrr, and that sharp, goodly face of thine,
All-cunning Snorri, make one man, not twain,—
One man in friendship and in Rede, not twain,—
Nor that man worthy to be named for skill,
Or strength, or beauty, or for popular arts,
With Arnkel, son of Thorolf the grim ghost,
Wit has he, tough not lacking therewithal
In sinew; see to it, comrades, lest he crush
The savage leaders of our Oligarchy,
Vast, indolent, mere masks of men,
Unfit for civic uses; his the hand
To gather all our forces like the reins
Of patient steeds, and drive us at his will.
Unless we stir betimes, and are his bane."

So from his turbulent mouth the shaft struck home,
Venomed with envy and the jealous pride
Of birth; and ere they roared themselves to rest,

The chieftains vowed that Arnkel must be slain,
Nor waited many days; for one clear night
Freystein, the spy, as near his sheep he watched,
Saw Arnkel fetching hay from Orlgstad,
With three young thralls of his own household folk.
And left the fold, and crept across the fell,
And wakened from their first sweet midnight sleep
The sons of Thorbrand, and went on, and roused
Snorri, who dreamed of blood and dear revenge.
Then through the frosty moonlit night they sped,
Warmed to the heart with hopes of murderous play.
Nine men from Snorri's house, and by the sea
At Alpafjord they met the six men armed
With Thorleif; scarcely greeted they, but skimmed
Along the black shore of the flashing Fjord,
Lit by the large moon in a cloudless sky,
Over the swelling, waving ice they flew,
Grinding the tufts of grass beneath their sleighs,
So silent that the twigs of juniper
Snapped under them, sharp, like a cracking whip,
Echoing, and so to Orlgstad they came.
But Arnkel saw them through the cold bright air,
And turned, and bade the three young thralls haste home,
To bring back others of their kith to fight;
So maddened by base fear, they rushed and one,
Or ever he neared the homestead, as he fled
Slipped on the forehead of a mountain force,
And volleying down from icy plain to plain,
Woke all the echoes of that waterfall,
And died, while numb with fright the others ran.

But Arnkel bowed, and loosened from his sleigh
The iron runner with its shining point,
And leaped upon the fence, and set his back
Against the hay-stack, through the frosty night

Its warm deep odour passed into his brain.
But Snorri and his fellows with no word
Sprang from their sleighs, and met below the fence,
And reaching upwards with their brawny arms,
Smote hard at Arnkel. With the runner he,
Cleaving with both hands, parried blow on blow,
Till, shaft by shaft their spears splintered and snapt;
Nor would they yet have reached him but that he,
Gathering a mighty stroke at Thorleif's head,
Dashed down his runner on the icy fence
And shivered it, while backwards Thorleif fell,
Bending the slimness of his supple loins,
Unwounded. Then a moment's space they stood
Silent. They from the hay-stack at his back,
His glittering sword and buckler Arnkel seized,
And like a wild-cat clomb the stack, and stood
Thigh deep astride upon the quivering hay,
Raining down thrusts and blinding all his foes
With moony lightnings from the flashing steel.
But Thorleif clambered up behind his back,
And Snorri with his shield before his face
Harried him through the wavering veil of hay,
And Styrr, like some great monster of the falls,
Swayed his huge broadsword in his knotted fists
And swept it, singing, through the helm and brain,
And deep sank Arnkel on the bloody stack.

They wrapped his corse in hay, and left him there;
To whom within the silence of the night
Came that dark ghost, his father, whose black face
Affrights the maidens in the milking-stead.
And till, afar along the frozen road,
The tinkling of the sleighs he heard, and knew
That all too late the thralls of Arnkel came.

He hung above the body of his son,
Casting no shadow in the dazzling moon,
Cursing the gods with inarticulate voice,
And cursing that too-envious mood of men
That brooks no towering excellence, nor heeds
Virtue, nor welfare of th' unsceptred state.

THE NEW BONNET

M. T. MORRISON

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.
But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time.
So, when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.
So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you" were the words she thought they said.
This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.
Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

WHA DAUR MEDDLE WI' ME?

(OLD BORDER BALLAD)

My castle is aye ma ain
An' herried it never shall be,
For I maun fa' ere it's taen,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wi' ma knit i' the rib o' ma naig,
Ma sword hingin' doon by ma knee,
For man I am never afraid,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, ma name it's wee Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Fierce Bothwell I vanquished clean,
Gard troopers an' fitmen flee;
By my faith I dumfoondert the Queen,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Alang by the dead water stank
Jock Fenwick I met on the lea,
But his saddle was toom in a clank,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, ma name it's wee Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Whar Keeldar meets with the Tyne
Ma'sel an' ma kinsmen three
We tackled the Percys nine.
They'll never mair meddle wi' me.
Sir Harry wi' nimble brand
He prickit ma cap ajee,
But I cloured his heid on the strand,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, ma name it's wee Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

The Cumberland Rievers ken
The straik ma airm can gi'e,
An' warily pass the glen,
For wha daur meddle wi' me?
I chased the loons doon to Carlisle,
Jook't the raip on the Hair-i-bee.
Ma naig nickert an' cockit his tail,
But wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, ma name it's wee Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

My kinsmen are true and brawlie
At glint o' an enemie,
Round Park's auld Turrets they rally,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Then heigh for the tug and the tussle
Tho' the cost should be Jethart tree.
Let the Queen and her troopers gae whistle,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Oh, ma name it's wee Jock Elliot,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

THE KINDLY FISHER-FOLK

VICTOR HUGO

'TIS night. The cabin door is shut, the room,
Though poor, is warm, and has a flickering light
By which you just distinguish, through the gloom,
A shelf with rows of plates that glimmer bright.
Some nets hung out to dry upon the wall,
And at the farthest end a curtained bedstead tall;
Near it a mattress on rude benches spread—
A nest of souls—five children sleeping there;
Upon the hearth some embers glowing red;
And by the bedside, wrapped in thought and prayer,
The mother kneeling, anxious and alone,
While out of doors, the winds, the rocks, the night,
The gloomy ocean lifts its ceaseless moan.
Her husband is out fishing. From a lad

With chance and danger he has had to fight,
No matter what the weather—good or bad;
The children hunger and are thinly clad;
So in his little sailing boat each night
He must set off, however hard it blows;
His wife remains at home to wash and sew,
Prepare the bait, and mend the nets, and keep
Watch o'er the herring-broth—their only meal—
Till, all the children being put asleep,
She can pray God for her dear husband's weal.
She takes her lantern and her cloak—may be
He is returning; anyhow she'll see
If still the beacon light be burning clear,
And if the waves are less, and daybreak near.
She wanders on—no window shows a light;
Sudden her glance,—intent to find her way—
Meets an old hovel, fallen to decay;
No fire within—'tis black and cold as night.
From the low roof the rugged thatch flies fast,
And the door rattles loosely in the blast.
"*Ah! the poor widow—I forgot her quite!*
My husband found her worse the other day.
I'll just look in, a friendly word to say;
Sick and alone—a dismal lot is hers!"
She knocks, she listens, no one speaks or stirs;
Jenny stands shiv'ring at the broken door;
"*Sick and with such young children, sick and poor—*
She has but two, but then her husband's dead."
She knocks and calls, "*What, neighbour! all in bed?*"
Still the same silence—"*Well, she must sleep fast;*
No use in calling." All at once the blast
Beat on the door and blew it open wide.
But what has Jenny in that cabin done,
What is she bearing in her cloak away;
What is the fear that causes her to run,

With beating heart, in such a stealthy way;
What is it, she, with troubled glance, has laid
Upon her bed, behind the curtain's shade?
When she got home it was the break of day.
She sat down pale and trembling, some regret
Seemed to be weighing on her mind, she let
The brow she clasped fall heavy on the bed,
And, in short sentences, she said,
"*My husband! Heavens! What will the poor man say?*"
Sudden the door bursts open, lets a track
Of cold light in: upon the threshold stands,
Dragging his dripping net with both his hands,
The fisher, calling gaily, "*Well! I'm back.*"
"What weather?" "*Bad.*" "What sort of haul?"
"*Why none.*
There was a teaser of a wind that blew,
And once I thought—'twas getting on towards morn—
We should capsize—the cable broke in two.
What were you doing then?" O'er Jenny's frame
A shudder passed before her answer came—
"I! nothing much—I sat and sewed—the sea
Roared so like thunder it quite frightened me."
Then she continued—"Oh, and by the way,
Our neighbour's lying dead—died yesterday,
She leaves two children—boy and girl—quite small—
Johnny begins to walk and Meg to crawl,
The poor good soul was almost starved, I fear."
The man looked grave at once, and flung away
His close blue cap wet through with rain and spray;
"*Poor orphans!*" he exclaimed, and rubbed his ear,
"*This will make seven, and we had five before;*
How shall we keep the wolf from off the door?
Why, in bad weather, as it was, the fare
Often ran short—'tis hard to see one's way.
Well! I can't help it—'tis the Lord's affair,

. . . . *Go fetch them, wife,*
If they should wake and find themselves alone,
With mother dead, 'twould scare them out of life.
Look you, the mother's knocking at our door,
We'll take the children in amongst our own;
At evening they will play about our knees,
Just like the other five we had before,
Brothers and sisters all. When the Lord sees
That we have got to feed and clothe two more,
He'll send more fish into our net. Besides,
I can drink water and work double tides;
That's settled, run and fetch them—'tis not far,
What! vexed! I never saw you move so slow before!"
She turns and draws the curtains—" There they are."

DEFENCE OF LITTLE WOMEN

ANON.

(*Adapted*)

I WISH to make my sermon brief—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation;
I like short women—suits at law without procrastination,—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.
A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long, repentance finds beginning.
To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;

To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing :
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing ;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, while flames around diffusing.
They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of love is raging ;
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and engaging ;
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging :
All this and more ;—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.
In a little precious stone what splendour meets the eyes !
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies !
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies :
You recollect the proverb says—*A word unto the wise.*
A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, e'en though 'tis sprinkled thinner :
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world that's possible without her.
And as within the little rose you'll find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies ;
As from a little balsam much odour doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.
E'en as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Colour and price and virtue in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.
The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Warble more sweetly in the grove than all the birds that sing :

And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.
The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.
There's nought can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.
If as her height increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now, of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man in the East;
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened

All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"
Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,

And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

A TURKISH LEGEND

T. B. Aldrich

A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,
And had this sentence on the city's gate,
Deeply engraven, "Only God is great."
So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice
And evermore, from the high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.
Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust.
And all is ruin,—save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, "Only God is great."

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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(From *Selected Poems National and Non-Oriental* (Trubner & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

To-DAY the people gather from the streets,
To-day the soldiers muster near and far;
Peace, with a glad look and a grateful, meets
Her rugged brother War.

To-day the Queen of all the English land,
She who sits high o'er Kaisers and o'er Kings,
Gave with her royal hand—th' Imperial hand
Whose grasp the earth en-rings—

Her Cross of Valour to her worthiest;—
No golden toy with milky pearls besprent,
But simple bronze, and for a warrior's breast
A fair, fit ornament.

And richer than red gold that dull bronze seems,
Since it was bought with lavish waste of worth
Whereto the wealth of Earth's gold-sanded streams
Were but a lack, and dearth.

Muscovite metal makes this English Cross,
Won in a rain of blood and wreath of flame;
The guns that thundered for their brave lives' loss
Are worn hence, for their fame!

Ay, listen! all ye maidens laughing-eyed,
And all ye English mothers, be aware!
Those who shall pass before ye at noontide
Your friends and champions are.

The men of all the army and the fleet,
The very bravest of the very brave,
Linesmen and Lord—these fought with equal feet
Firm planted on their grave.

The men who, setting light their blood and breath
So they might win a victor's high renown,
Held their steel straight against the face of Death,
And frowned his frowning down.

And some that grasped the bomb, all fury fraught,
And hurled it far, to spend its spite away,—
Between the rescue and the risk, no thought,—
Shall pass our Queen this day;

And some who climbed the deadly glacis-side,
For all that steel could stay, or savage shell;
And some, whose blood upon the Colours dried
Tells if they bore them well;

Some, too, who, gentle-hearted even in strife,
Seeing their fellow or their friend go down,
Saved his, at peril of their own dear life,
Winning the Civic Crown.

Well done for them; and, fair Isle, well for thee!
While that thy bosom beareth sons like those
The little gem set in the Silver Sea,
Shall never fear her foes!

WHEN I WAS A BOY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

I REMEMBER the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain:
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part

Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill:
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

A LIGHTHOUSE LEGEND

ANON.

OUT on a surf-swept rock 'midst ocean's wrath,
A lighthouse stood ; and there for twelve long years
Had dwelt the keeper, and his only child.
This was her little world, naught else she knew,
Nor e'er had passed beyond her island home.
Thus pleasantly her youthful days sped on ;

Nor dreamed she of a wider world beyond,
Save when in the far distance she descried
The landing graceful forms of passing ships,
That seemed to beckon her to lands beyond.
Then would she to her father's side repair
And question him of things nor seen nor felt,
And he consenting oft would fire her mind
With fairy tales of many distant lands,
Till fancy, fed by solitude, would grow
To keen desire to know them for herself.
Then in her thoughtful face and longing eyes,
The old man read the wishes of her heart,
And felt that soon he'd keep his watch alone.
He grudged not that, for she his only child
Would waste her fair young life in rude retreat
Familiar only to wide ocean's wrath.
And so one lovely morn when sea and sky
Were all aglow, a boat bore her away.

. . . . . .

Three years have passed. 'Twas summer's even again,
And in his room the keeper sat and read
Some cheering words, for oft he read and smiled,
Then read again, and, smiling, paused to think.
A soiled and crumpled note, yes, but 'twas dear,
For came it from his loved one with the news
That soon she hoped to be at home again.
Then, rising from his seat, he looked abroad,
Adown the western steeps the great round sun
Was slowly passing, 'midst a blaze of gold
That threw across the ocean's beating breast
A quivering line of light.

Sweet eventide! what memories round thee cling!
Of years long gone, beloved friends passed away;
And musing thus, he fell asleep and dreamt

He stood alone upon a silent shore,
Lapped by the voiceless waves of dreaming sea;
Ever its restless waters rose and fell,
Yet mutely crept up on the shining strand,
And back returned in silence smooth and slow;
For long it seemed he stood and viewed with awe,
The wondrous working of this silent sea.
Till suddenly there rose from out its depths
A cloud-like shape that form and being took
Like to an angel robed in dazzling white.
Instant each wavelet seemed to find a tongue
That sent its murmuring music far along
In dying cadence down the shadowy shore.
Nearer, with inexperienced move it stole,
And louder grew the voices of the deep;
Anon it paused, and rising to a form
Of more than mortal height sank slowly down
With piercing shriek into the yawning depths
That rolled around in silence as before.
Trembling with fear the keeper woke. All still
And deep dead night around. No light on high.
The lamp hung black within its gloomy sphere;
The lighthouse dark—its purpose false—a dream,
Ay, he had slept, God knows what this might bring!
Amazed he stood like one with broken mind
Till o'er the darkened sea a wild shriek rang
Like living echo of his scarce dead dream.
With nervous haste he quickly lit the torch,
Then flashed its beams upon a scene of death.
Too late! too late! the reef had worked its woe,
Prone on the midnight surge a gallant ship lies low.

All night in agony of mind he sat,
And prayed as never sufferer prayed for day.
And when the shimmering light proclaimed the dawn,

His laggard eye swept towards the cruel reef
In search of wreck, to learn the direful tale.
Yet nothing but the vast and wandering sea
Now met his gaze; nor plank nor floating spar
Remained to tell the horror of the night.
He tottered down and crept among the rocks
To a tide-swept bay, that opened from the reefs;
Oh! something kin to human form was there,
A seaman's body! No, a maiden fair,
Floating with pale dead face, serenely calm,
That neither death, nor stroke of rude rough wave,
Had robbed of beauty, nor the girlish grace
Which lingered there to tell what once she was,
Borne on the throbbing bosom of the deep,
Which seemed to animate her own. She looked
She looked an angel sleeping in the blue of heaven.
One look the keeper gave, one look of pain,
And then he knew his child had come again.

HANS VOGEL

(AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR)

ROBERT BUCHANAN

(From *the Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan, by permission of* Miss Harriet Jay *and of* Messrs Chatto & Windus)

THE fight is o'er, the day is done,
And thro' the clouds o'erhead
The fingers of the setting sun
Are pointing down blood-red—
Beneath, on the white battlefield
Lie strewn the drifts of dead.

No breath, no stir; but everywhere
The cold frost crawleth slow,
And Frank and Teuton side by side
Lie stiffening in the snow,
While piteously each marble face—
Gleams in the ruby glow.

No sound; but yonder 'midst the dead
There stands one steed snow-white,
And clinging to its chilly mane,
Half swooning, yet upright,
Its rider totters, breathing hard,
Bareheaded in the light!

Hans Vogel. Spectacles on nose,
He gasps and gazes round—
He shivers as his eyes survey
That wintry battle-ground—
Then, parch'd with thirst and chill with cold,
He sinks, without a sound.

Before his vision as he lies
There gleams a quaint old town,
He sees the students in the street
Swaggering up and down,
While at a casement sits a maid
In clean white cap and gown.

Hans Vogel thinks, "My time hath come!
Ne'er shall these eyes of mine
Behold poor Annchen, or the trees
Of dear old Ehbrenstein!"
He smacks his lips, "*Mein Gott!* for one
Deep draught of Rhenish wine!"

Then swift as thought his wild eyes gleam
On something at his side—
He stirs—he glares—he sits erect—
He grips it, eager-eyed:
A flask it is, some friend or foe
Hath dropt there ere he died!

To God he mutters now a prayer,
Quaking in every limb;
Trembling he holds it to the light!
'Tis full unto the brim!
A flask! a brimming flask of wine!
And God hath sent it him!

Hans Vogel's heart leaps up in joy,
"*Dem Himmel sei Dank!*" he cries—
Then pursing out his thirsty lips
Prepares to quaff his prize,—
When lo! a sound—he starts—and meets
A pair of burning eyes!

Propt on a bed of comrades dead,
His faint breath swiftly flying,
His breast torn open by a shell,
A Grenadier is lying:—
Grim as a wolf, with gleaming fangs,
The Frenchman glareth, dying!

White is his hair, his features worn
With many a wild campaign,
He rocks his head from side to side
Like to a beast in pain—
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
Again and yet again.

Hans Vogel, in the act to drink
And render God due praise,
Drops down his fever'd hand in doubt
And pauses in amaze,
For on the flask that Grenadier
Fixeth his thirsty gaze!

Hans Vogel smiles. "Here lieth one
Whose need is more than mine!"
Then, crawling over to his foe,
"Look, Frenchman, here is wine!
And by the God that made us both
Shall every drop be thine!"

Hath thou beheld a dying boar,
Struck bleeding to the ground,
Spring with a last expiring throe
To rip the foremost hound?
Terrible, fatal, pitiless,
It slays with one swift bound.

Ev'n so that grizzly wolf of war,
With eyes of hate and ire,
Stirs as he lies, and on the ground
Gropes with a dark desire,
Then lifts a loaded carbine up,
And lo! one flash of fire!

A flash—a crash! Hans Vogel still
Is kneeling on his knee,
His heart is beating quick, his face
Is pale as man's can be;
The ball just grazed his bleeding brow—
"*Potstausend!*" murmureth he.

Hans frowns; and raising to his lips
The flask, begins to quaff;
Then holds it to the fading light
With sly and cynic laugh,
Deep is his drought—sweet is the wine—
And he had drunk the half!

But now he glanceth once again
Where that grim Frenchman lies—
Gasping still waits that wolf of war
Like to a beast that dies—
He groans athirst, with open mouth,
And slowly glazing eyes.

Hans Vogel smiles; unto his foe
Again now totters he—
So spent now is that wolf of war
He scarce can hear or see.
Hans Vogel holds his hand, and takes
His head upon his knee!

Then down the dying Frenchman's throat
He sends the liquor fine:
"Half yet remains, old boy," he cries,
While pouring down the wine—
"Hadst thou not play'd me such a trick,
It might have all been thine!"

Hans Vogel speaketh in the tongue
Of his good Fatherland—
The Frenchman hears an alien sound
And cannot understand,
But he can taste the warm red wine
And feel the kindly hand.

See! looking in Hans Vogel's face
He stirs his grizzly head—
Up, smiling, goes the grim moustache
O'er cheeks as grey as lead—
With one last glimmer of the eyes,
He smiles—and he is dead.

"FLASH!"

(THE FIREMAN'S STORY)

WILL CARLETON

"FLASH" was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number Three:
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;
Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sleepy, an' "off" on quiet days;
Full o' turbulent, sour looks, an' small, sarcastic ways;
Scowled an' bit at his partner, an' banged the stable floor—
With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;
An' watch, with nervous shivers, the clasp of buckle an' band,
Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair,
An' craze the other horses with his magnetic charm,
Till every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire-alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would notice an' admire
Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack,
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,
They're no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine
A-bossin' one o' God's creatures outside its natural line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,
Feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a season before they could hold him in;

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; whereat, us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart,
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upward into a new—
If ever I see a milkman whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old hoss, a-rearin' an' racin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman a-trying to hold him back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head o' "Number Three,"
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;

Dodgin' waggons an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that neighbourhood with good, respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin' an' shoutin' "Good! go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was—halted with a "thud":
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engines properly workin' there,
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, "faded away" once more,
Took up his old occupation—considerin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, an'—sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story: I've seen, more'n once or twice,
That poor dead animals' actions is full o' human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I'll simply answer, then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

An' if, as some consider, there's animals in the sky,
I think the poor old fellow is gettin' another try;
But if he should sniff the big fire that plagues the abode o' sin,
It'll take the strongest angel to hold the old fellow in.

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS

ANNA P. MARSHALL

BEN HAZZARD'S hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half blind, was weak and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.

Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor;
For he was not wise in worldly lore.—
The poor were Christ's, he knew no more.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy, and tired, and lame—
"Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say;
"Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his old grey head
To listen. "'Tis very cold," he said,
And his old frame shook in his cheerless bed,
"But the wanderer must be comforted."
Out from his straw he painfully crept,
And over the frosty floor he stept,
While under the door the snow-wreaths swept.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
As he opened the door and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied,
Trembling and crying there at his feet,
Ready to die in the bitter sleet.

Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The candles were out in all the town;
The stout house doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
"I thought that somebody called," he said;
"Some dream or other got into my head.
Come, then, poor pussy, and share my bed."
But first he sought for a rusty cup,
And gave his guest a generous sup.
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly it was a terrible storm;
Ben feared he should never more be warm.

But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cosy,
A voice called faintly before his door:
"Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore
"Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Ben Hazzard opened his sleepy eyes,
And his wrinkled face showed great surprise,
Out from his bed he stumbled again,
Teeth chattering with neuralgic pain,
Caught at the door in the frozen rain.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said;
"With such as I have thou shalt be fed."

Only a little black dog he saw
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
"Well, well," cried Ben Hazzard, "I must have dreamed,
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
His feet so cold they seemed like stone,
"Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow bone."
He went to the cupboard, and took from the shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold, went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bed-quilt he crept,
His conscience was white, again he slept.
"Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake, come here!"
And once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before,
This time full sure was a voice he heard;
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird,
With weary pinion and beaten crest,
And a red blood-stain on his snowy breast.
"Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,

And tearing his tattered coat apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.

The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch
As an angel lifted the wooden latch;
Ben woke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that had called all night,
And steadfastly gazing, without a word,
Beheld the messenger from the Lord.
He said to Ben, with a wondrous smile,
The three guests sleeping all the while;
"Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor;
The humblest creatures that sought thy door,
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
"Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old grey head.
"Who giveth all of his scanty store,
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold, the Master who waiteth for thee
Saith, 'Giving to them, thou hast given to Me.'"
Then, with Heaven's light on his face, "Amen,
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.

"Frozen to death," the Watchman said
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.
Ben's lips were silent, and never told,
He had gone up higher to find his gold.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

HENRY NEWBOLT

(*By special permission of the Author*)

"YE have robb'd," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead;

What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed. "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day;
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspun hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The Wistavie trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the grey little church across the park,
The mounds that hid the lov'd and honour'd dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the school close sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape and the crowd roaring between,
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timber'd roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
The college eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
  He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw,
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
  He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
  And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
  His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspun hills was broadening fast,
  The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a dazzling white
He turn'd and saw the golden circle at last,
  Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, who dwell'st in Earth and sun,
  I have lived, I praise and adore thee!"
                A sword swept.
Over the pass the voices one by one
  Faded, and the hill slept.

THE BURIAL OF MOLIÈRE

(*From the French of* JEAN TRUFFIER)

DEAD—he is dead! The rogue has left a trace
On that thin cheek where shone, perchance, a tear,
Even while the people laughed that held him dear
But yesterday, he died,—and not in grace,
And many a black-robed caitiff starts apace
To slander him whose Tartuffe made them fear,
And gold must win a passage for his bier,
And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-place.

Ah, Molière, for that last time of all,
Man's hatred broke upon thee, and went by,
And did but make more fair thy funeral.
Though in the dark they hid thee stealthily,
Thy coffin had the cope of Night for pall,
For torch, the stars along the windy sky!

ON NELSON

(*From Portuguese of* "BOCCAGE")

ENTERING Elysium, diademed with light,
Nelson, in blood-stained robe, behold appear!
The shades are stricken with unwonted fear,
And round him crowd the ghosts of men of might.
Cries Alexander, riveting his sight,
"What lustrous mortal thou, that enterest here?"
"'Tis I who raised from thraldom to her sphere
Europe, bowed down, half captive from the fight,
Incarnadined with blood I left the wave,
A bolt upon the furious Gaul I threw,
My country raises trophies o'er my grave!"
On this the Macedonian weeps anew;
He to whom victory vast regions gave,
Envies the man who did one race subdue.

DOWN THE TRACK

ROSA H. THORPE

IN the deepening shades of twilight
Stood a maiden young and fair,
Rain-drops gleamed on cheek and forehead,
Rain-drops glistened in her hair.

Where the bridge had stood at morning
Yawned a chasm, deep and black;
Faintly came the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature,
Faster came her frightened breath,—
Charlie kissed her lips at morning,—
Now was running down to death!
Must she stand and see him perish?
Angry waters answer back:
Louder comes the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grew fearless;
Miracles are sometimes wrought,
Springing from the heart's devotion
In the forming of a thought.
From her waist she tears her apron,
Flings her tangled tresses back,
Working fast, and praying ever
For the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled,
Right and left she flings the flame,
Turns and glides with airy fleetness
Downward toward the coming train;
Sees afar the red eye gleaming
Through the shadows still and black:
Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening—
They have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train—now slower,
But the maiden—Where is she?
Flaming torch and flying footsteps
Fond eyes gaze in vain to see.

With a white face turned to heaven,
All the sunny hair thrown back,
There they found her, one hand lying
Crushed and bleeding on the track.

Eager faces bent above her,
Wet eyes pitied, kind lips blessed;
But she saw no face save Charlie's—
'Twas for him she saved the rest.
Gold they gave her from their bounty;
But her sweet lips wandered back
To the face whose love will scatter
Roses all along life's track.

"HIRAM SEARCH"

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

(From *Val Strange* (Chatto & Windus), *by special permission of the Author and Publishers*)

(*Adapted for Recital*)

IT was a sweltering English summer day. The birds chirped in feeble enjoyment of the drowsy heat, the grasshopper shrilled incessantly from cool and tangled grasses. One lame traveller came toiling up a stiffish slope in the lane, bearing a bundle on his shoulder. Arrived at the top of the slope, the lame traveller sat down in shadow on a smooth table of rock. He was lank in build, and sallow in complexion. His nose and his beard were each long and pointed; his cheek-bones were prominent, his cheeks were sunken, and his eyes as bright as a hawk's. The seat he had taken was a low one, and his figure being tall and gaunt, his knees were ungracefully prominent. He sat in an attitude of great fatigue, his head drooping, and his arms hanging loose at his sides. After a time he

shook off this broken look, and began to explore his waistcoat pockets with an aspect of anxiety. A smile crossed his features; and between finger and thumb he drew out a very little bit of twist tobacco. This he shredded with an enormous pocket-knife, and packed carefully into the bowl of a well-blacked clay pipe. He then made another search in his waistcoat pockets; and again he smiled as he drew forth a single lucifer match.

"I do not think as there was ever anybody in my family as was gifted with miraculous powers. Theer ain't a breath of air stirrin' at this minute; but this is the last lucifer match I have, and I've only got to strike it to raise some gentle zephyr that'll just come round the one corner that ain't guarded and blow it out. Now that's a remarkable fact, and if anybody was to be here, and I was to bet on the zephyr, the atmosphere would lie in dead stillness till this match had burned clean through, and then most likely it'd blow a tornado just to rile me. If this lucifer don't strike, or if it blows out, or the pipe won't draw, I sha'n't see a human creetur for ten mile." Then he rubbed the end of the match gently on a bit of stone, and smiled to see the flame. He gave a pull at his pipe, smiled again, pulled gently till flame and tobacco just kissed each other. Then came disaster. "'Tain't no use throwin' stones at Destiny, I might ha' been prepared for it. I meant that smoke to do for dinner. Well, Hiram, you've played the prodigal, and I reckon you'll ha' to come down to the swine-husks yet—Hello! Air *you* hungry?"

This query was addressed to a dog, which was coming towards the traveller. The man broke off a very small piece of bread and offered it. "No, you air not hungry, when you air, you'll know better'n turn up your nose at dry bread. And I'll tell you what 'tis, my canine friend, I hope you never may be. If you'd the brains to have the heart, you'd be nigh on cryin' to see a citizen of the Great

Republic takin' his last meal with a hundred an' fifty mile afore him, and blank starvation at the end of it—Goin', are you? Well, good-bye. I suppose my conversation's kind o' dull to a prosperous dog like you."

When the lame traveller, having finished his scanty meal, came limping down the lane, he caught sight of a figure a hundred yards away, and scanned him with keen eyes.

"Now, that's a lord o' the sile, I reckon. Looks born to order other folks around while he slides along easy."

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a cheery voice. "Going on to Brierham?"

"If that's the next town on this road, I'm goin' there."

"Yes, it's the next town."

"Can you tell me how far it is?"

"About nine miles. If you are willing to earn a few shillings, I will ask you to take a note for me."

"I guess, I'm game to render any service to anybody who can pay me."

"Wait a minute, then," and, drawing a note-book from his breast-pocket, he wrote a few lines on one of its pages, tore out the leaf, folded it, and wrote an address upon it. "Ask for Mr Valentine Strange at the Manor House. Anybody will direct you. And this will pay you for your trouble. I've nothing but gold. Well, there you are. You don't earn half a sovereign so easily every day, I suppose?"

"If you'll say how much of this I am to keep, I'll hand over the balance at the other end."

"Oh, keep the lot."

"Well, I suppose you can afford it. It's the first wind o' fortune as has blowed my way for a pretty square half of eternity, and that's a fact. I can't give you a permanent address to write to just at present; but if you happen to want a share of it, you've only got to find me, and I'll split my bottom dollar."

"That's very good of you; you're an American, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are not many Americans who think it worth their while to try their fortunes in the old country."

"No, they air a sensible people—as a rule."

"You'll deliver the letter, won't you?"

"Wait a minute, mister. You might like to know as you are the man that's turned my fortune. And if ever you get in a real corner, you might do worse than ask Providence to furnish a moment'ry interview with Hiram Search. That's me. I ain't a lot to look at; but if ever you're cornered, you ask to see me."

They parted, and went their separate ways. Hiram put the coin away, and jerked along until he reached the town and inquired for the Manor House. It was a mile beyond the town, said the man he asked. Hiram groaned in spirit, but buckled loyally to his task and went on. Evening was merging slowly into night as Hiram halted before a grim-looking old house of dark stone. There was not a light visible; and Hiram searched for the bell-handle in some misgiving lest the place should prove empty. The peal he rang brought an immediate answer. The footman looked down on Hiram Search and his bundle with a glance of swift disdain, and closed the door in his face. Hiram took the bell-handle in his lean fingers and pulled as though he sounded an alarm of fire. The footman returned indignant. "Wotter yer a-makin' that row for?" he demanded.

"When you require to know what a man wants, it's a roundabout way to shut the door on him. You should find out first, and shut the door after."

"I can't stand 'eah all night. Wottah yah want?"

"Young man, your clothes air too many for you. You are not Lord Justice an' Chief Goldstick in Waitin'

yet. Take that in to your master, you—you gilded menial!"

"Hany hanswer?"

"Ask your master, you po-maytum'd slave."

"Wait there." He made as if to close the door; but the lame traveller thrust in his bundle. "Shet that door again afore you've done my arrand, you poor clothes-hoss, an' I'll ring the bell off the handle."

"Hoskins," said a voice from the hall, "what's the matter there?"

"Pusson with a note, sir."

"For whom?"

"Valentine Strange, Esq.," said Hiram.

"Come in. Where is the note? Who sends it?"

"Your polite menial has the note."

Valentine Strange took the letter, opened it, and read it slowly with a puzzled look. Having read it he glanced at Hiram with an inquiring smile. The note was written in English, but the characters were Greek. It ran thus:—

"DEAR VAL,—I have nothing to say, but I wanted to give the queer fish who carries this something to do to excuse charity. Let me know if you receive it.—Yours,

"GERARD LUMBY."

"Come this way. Where did you get this note?"

"Somewhere 'bout five hundred mile back, countin' by a lame man's measure. You might call it ten."

"When did you get it?"

"This afternoon, four hours ago."

"You look tired."

"Appearances are not always deceptive."

"Where are you going?

"London."

"Were you paid for bringing this note?"

"I was so."

"Well, this is a very important document indeed. You have proved a trusty messenger, and you deserve to be rewarded. There's an extra half-crown for you."

"Look here, mister. If you don't mind, I want to ask a question. Who wrote that note?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Wal, the man that wrote that note brought me the first streak of luck I've had sence I landed in this country. Now you've widened the streak—not much; but you've widened it, and I'm thankful for it. From this out I'm bound to prosper. Now, I want to know the name of the man that did me this good turn. If it's all the same to you, mister, I should *like* to know it."

"There you are," said Strange, laughing. He laid the note on the edge of the billiard-table, and pointed to the signature, which, like the rest of the epistle, was in Greek characters. To his surprise, the gaunt Yankee leaned over it, evinced no dismay or wonder, but spelled it out.

"Gerard Lumby. Thank you, I sha'n't forget."

"Ah, you read Greek, do you? Did you master the contents of this important state document by the way?"

"There's your coin, Colonel. Here, you flunkey, let me out of this—d'ye hear? You and your master air a pair."

And with features flushed and his keen eyes glittering with anger, Hiram Search strode out of the room.

CORPORAL DICK'S PROMOTION

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

(From *Songs of Action* (Smith, Elder & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

THE Eastern day was well-nigh o'er
When parched with thirst and travel-sore,
Two of Macdonald's flanking corps
  Across the Desert were tramping.
They had wandered off from the beaten track
And now were wearily harking back,
Ever staring round for the signal jack
  That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
Bearded and burly, short and thick,
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
  A hard-faced old rapscallian.
The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth cheeked and fair,
Half-grown half-drilled, with the weedy air
  Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,
And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
  Now stumbling and now falling.
Around the orange and sand-curves lay,
Flecked with boulders black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
  A kite was shrilly calling.
A kite? Was that a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kite's, and yet the kite knows well

The long-drawn wild halloo.
And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand-spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
Of "Allah! Allahu!"

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest.
Growled out an oath and onward pressed
Still glancing over his shoulder.
"Bedouins, mate," he curtly said;
"We'll find some work for steel and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed,
Before we're one hour older.

"But just one flutter before we're done.
Stiffen your lips and stand, my son;
We'll take this blooming circus on:
Ball—cartridge!—load. Now steady!"
With a curse and a prayer the two faced round,
Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
And their breech-blocks snapped with a crisp clear sound
As the rifles sprang to the "ready."

Alas for the Emir Alla Khan!
A hundred paces before his clan,
That ebony steed of the prophet's breed
Is the foal of death and of danger.
A sputter of fire, a gasp of pain,
A bluish blurr on the yellow plain,
The chief was down, and his bridle rein
Was in the grip of the stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face,
The Corporal sprang to the dead man's place,

One prick with the steel, one thrust with the heel,
And where was the man to outride him?
A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
He was settling her down to her gallop again,
When he stopped, for he heard just one faltering word
From the young recruit beside him.

One faltering word from pal to pal,
But it found the heart of the Corporal.
He had sprung to the sand, he had lent him a hand;
"Up, mate! They'll be 'ere in a minute;
Off with you! No palaver! Go!
I'll bide be'ind and run this show.
Promotion has been cursed slow,
And this is my chance to win it."

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with a bayonet prick.
Watch her gallop with plunge and with kick
Away o'er the desert careering.
Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the straps of his cartridge-case,
While his thoughts flew back to the dear old place
In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy-private glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.
But as he gazed, already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Was closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand
Concealed them in its eddy.

A squadron of British horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy light;
Came on the scene of that last stern fight,

And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who died
'Mid the ring of the dead and the dying.

And still while twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle call,
In bivouac or in barrack-hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.
And there are some who like to say
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

HIS HERO

J. A. MacDonald

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It was a clear November night. A cold rain fell pitilessly. The streets were flooded and the street lamps cast dancing reflections on them. Omnibuses were crowded and cabs —those gondolas of London—flitted forward, the back-glasses of their lamps shining like fire-flies, green and blue and red, through the mist.

Excitement was in the air. People smiled as they passed and strangers shook hands and greeted each other. The newsboys, as they rushed past crying each successive edition, were pounced on by eager purchasers and reaped a bronze and silver harvest.

It was a night of national rejoicing, for away on a distant battlefield the pluck of England's sons had won for her a great victory. The bells were pealing, and groups stood in open doorways discussing the news and speculating as to the result.

Down St Martin's Lane towards Charing Cross came a pitiful figure—a man evidently very weak from a recent illness and shaken with a racking cough—a thin blue suit buttoned tightly round his neck, no overcoat, and boots that soaked up the moisture like a sponge.

At the corner of Trafalgar Square he stood shivering for a moment undecided where to go. A woman begged a copper. He did not answer. He mechanically drew his hand from his pocket. He held a sixpence. The woman took it and hurried away. He watched her go, and with her the whole of his worldly possessions. The rain came driving in stinging sheets across the Square, and the man turned to seek shelter under the lee wall on its far side. Thinking only of the shelter he stumbled against the step at the base of Gordon's Statue. The moon burst forth from the driving clouds and threw a strange ghostly radiance round that well-loved head, until it seemed the bronze effigy bore a halo that was heavenly. A sudden change came over the man. A moment since he was a poor shivering piece of London wreckage. Now standing back two or three paces he drew himself up and stood at attention looking up at the figure England loves so well, round which the watery moonbeams played. Two or three minutes passed, the face of the man grew flushed, and then labouring under great excitement he tore open his soaking jacket and took a step nearer his hero. The light glinted on two medals and on the Khedive's Star and clasps that adorned his breast. To his excited fancy it seemed that the Hero of Khartoum — his hero — smiled on him. Staggering blindly forward he leaned against the pedestal

of the statue and burst into tears. He strove to give utterance to his rushing thoughts, strove to tell the man whose life he had fought to save that the medals he had won he had never, and would never, part with, sought to tell him of the weary years of illness, misery and wretchedness—but the words would not come, and then a great peace fell on him.

He was a lad again amongst the Cumberland Hills. He thought of the day he left his village with the Queen's uniform covering his breast, the sorrowful parting from the farm with the old folks dim-eyed and wistful. Then sterner thoughts came—of the troopship and the whaleboats on the Nile.

The weary, weary weeks of labour under a scorching sun. Then that desperate dash across the desert. The fight at Abu-Klea, the maddening thirst of the men as they fought to reach the waters of Gak-dool. He lived them all again, and each scene came back with its awful vividness as he thought of those blind night marches with the ever raging thirst and the cry "Water, water!" and after all, those fateful words that came, "Too late, too late, Khartoum has fallen."

He remembered how even the private soldiers cursed and raged and almost mutinied at the news. Then his weary days of fever in the hospital, the kind-eyed nurses as they flitted from one bed to another with hands ever gentle and voices ever soft, of one—ah!

But a "Hey, my man, you cannot sleep there," in a gruff but kindly voice and a hand laid on his shoulder recalled him to reality—and to misery. He rose without a word, and with a last look at the statue he drifted down Whitehall.

The river flowed on dark and mysterious, the lamp reflections on its bosom danced and beckoned, and long ere the dawn, the soldier had touched the outstretched

hand and answered the welcome smile of the Hero of Khartoum.

"Death's dreamy voice rings ever on, like a far-off trumpet call.
The heroes drop off one by one, and England sees them fall.
The deeds they do will live for aye, theirs is a deathless fame—
A workhouse pallet, a pauper's grave! not theirs, but ours, the shame."

THE JESTER

ANON.

THE Princess was queenly and fair in the face,
And she was the last of a royal race.
From far and near came her suitors proud,
But she looked at none in that goodly crowd.

Nineteen summers had passed away,
And she knew nothing of love's sweet sway;
Nor prince, nor knight, nor gentle squire
Could light in her breast the sacred fire.

"It were best for the people that thou shouldst wed
And raise up princes," the greybeards said.
But no man moved that heart of stone,
And the Princess lived and ruled alone.

Yet oft to herself she whispered low:
"A time will come, be time swift or slow,
When my heart to its master must outward go.
Never a man have I seen as yet,
That could fill my heart with love's regret.

"All men bow in my presence the knee,
But he who weds me my king must me;
And him will I serve each hour and day,
And own myself conquered by love's sweet sway.

"For love is worth nor tittle nor jot,
If the husband no power to rule has got!"
She sat in her palace one sweet spring day,
And idled the afternoon hours away.

She called to a maiden who lingered there:
"Go, fetch me the jester, Dagobert."
The jester came with his serious face,
And a shadow fell in the sunlit place.

Mis-shapen and stunted and crabbed was he,
As sorry a jester as well could be.
His great head fell on his pointed chest,
And a grievous hump on his shoulders prest.

His small eyes gleamed through his shaggy hair—
Such was the jester, Dagobert.
The Princess beckoned him near her feet,
But her glance knew nothing of pity sweet.

"Thou art a man of ready wit,
Come, tell me the reason and meaning of it.
Oft I have said that no man's power
Hath rested on me a single hour,

"And yet, for three days past, my soul
Hath felt the might of a man's control."
What sound was that in the perfumed air?
A sigh from the jester, Dagobert.

"Speak, my Princess, and tell me all,
Who holds thy heart at his beck and call?"
"Neither his name nor his race I know,
Nor who is he that enthralls me so."

"Strange, my Princess, thy story seems,
Is it some creature of maiden dreams?"
"Nay, but for three nights past my ears
Have heard a voice that can move my tears."

What was it that stirred the silent air?
A sigh from the jester, Dagobert.
"Where, my Princess, was this strange thing?
And whence did he come for thy pleasure to sing?'

"Where or whence I little know;
But my heart keeps saying, 'I love him so!'
Three nights past he has sung, beneath
My window of love that will last till death.

"His voice is the voice of a man so brave,
That I would follow him to his grave.
He sings of war and of mighty deeds;
And under it all his own love pleads.

"And I—I listen, and long to reply,
'I love thee, I love thee until I die!'"
What was that in the heavy air?
A groan from the jester, Dagobert.

"Thou art a man of ready wit,
Come, tell me the meaning and reason of it."
In the jester's eyes there lurked a flame,
And he bit his lip till the red blood came.

His body shivered, and underneath
The unkempt beard he ground his teeth;
And sudden he answered: "A fool's poor wit
Can see no meaning or reason in it.

"Find the meaning thyself, nor try
To coax love nonsense from such as I."
Over her face flashed the angry blood,
And she struck the jester where he stood.

At the touch of her fingers he shivered again;
But it was not the blow that caused the pain.
"Go," she cried, "to thy bells and cap!
What knowest thou of love's sweet hap?

"Love is for those that are fair and free,
Not for mis-shapen things like thee!"
He shrank away to his chattering ape,
A poor, ill-favoured, and fearful shape.

He leaned his head on his hands, and knew
That the cruel words were more than true.
And the only sounds in the silent air
Were the sighs of the jester, Dagobert.

The Princess stood at her window that night;
There was no light there but the pale starlight.
Far below, in the evening breeze,
She heard the rustle of moving trees.

Sudden a voice through the silence rang;
Of love that will last till death, it sang.
And all through the wonderful ebb and flow
A voice repeated: "I love you so."

She leaned through the casement and closed her eyes
And fancied her soul in paradise.
And sudden the song died out, and her ears
Caught the sobs of one in a passion of tears!

The Princess sat on her father's throne,
And looked on the halls that were all her own.
Each was filled with a moving throng
Of courtiers threading their way along ;

Lord and Lady of high degree
Were there, in their pride and their bravery.
And the Princess was decked with jewels rare,
And she was the fairest woman there.

She rose from her throne and the voices hushed
And her dark eye gleamed and her fair face flushed,
And her beauty increased and grew no less,
Because of her maidenly bashfulness.

Then to the greybeards around she said :
" Oft ye have told me that I must wed ;
But never yet came across my way
A man who could hold my heart in sway.

" Yet now I would have you all to know
That my heart to its master must outward go.
Four nights now, 'neath my palace wall,
I have heard a voice and have felt its thrall.

" And, oh ! if the singer among you be,
Let him come forth and marry me ! "
Silence fell on the wondering crowd,
As they gazed at the Princess fair and proud,
Whose heart by the power of love was bowed.

But no voice answered from out the throng
In the tones that had chanted that witching song.
" Oh, let him speak," she cried ; " for, lo !
He has chained my heart, and I love him so ! "

She stood with her hand stretched out so fair,
And looked for his coming to claim her there.
And sudden there rose a strange, fierce cry
From the daïs behind her—"It was I!"

And out there stepped from the sheltering chair
The humpbacked jester, Dagobert!
Then a voice arose in the wondering hall,
That was full of jibe in its mocking call:
"Sing us the song that can so enthrall!"

And into the midst of the perfumed air,
Soared the voice of the jester, Dagobert.
It told of the years of sorrow and pain,
And the ceaseless thoughts of the scheming brain.

It told of the love that breathed and burned
In the shapeless body by all men spurned;
It told how the heart was brave and true
To the love and passion that in it grew.

And because of its passionate, fierce regret,
The eyes of many with tears were wet.
It ceased, and the jester raised his face
And looked at the Princess of noble race.

Would she remember his pain and woe
And come to his side with "I love thee so?"
She turned away with a glance of scorn,
And the hunchback's love died out at its dawn.

But suddenly springing he caught her hand;
"I was the king that could thee command!"
And for one brief moment of passionate bliss,
He pressed her hands with a burning kiss.

Swords flashed out in the courtier crowd,
And the murmurs of hate were fierce and loud.
"He dies, the varlet! Ho, draw him apart!"
But he drove his dagger right through his own heart.

And ere they could reach him the life was fled
From the shapeless body and the shaggy head.
Out into the starlight, pure and fair,
Passed the soul of the jester, Dagobert.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS

ELIZA M. SHERMAN

IT was the twilight hour.
Behind the western hill the sun had sunk,
Leaving the evening sky aglow with crimson light.
The air is filled with fragance and with sound.
High in the tops of shadowy vine-wreathed trees,
Grave parent-birds were twittering good-night songs
To still their restless brood.
Across the way
A noisy little brook made pleasant
Music on the summer air,
And farther on, the sweet, faint sound
Of Whippoorwill Falls rose on the air, and fell
Like some sweet chant at vespers.
The air is heavy
With the scent of mignonette and rose,
And from the beds of flowers the tall
White lilies point, like angel fingers, upward,
Casting on the air an incense sweet,
That brings to mind the old, old story,
Of the alabaster box that loving Mary
Broke upon the Master's feet.

Upon his vine-wreathed porch
An old white-headed man sits dreaming
Happy, happy dreams of days that are no more;
And listening to the quaint old song
With which his daughter lulled her child to rest:
"Abide with me," she says;
"Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens,
Lord, with me abide."
And as he listens to the sound that fills the
Summer air, sweet, dreamy thoughts
Of his "lost Youth" come crowding thickly up;
And, for a while, he seems a boy again.
With feet all bare
He wades the rippling brook, and with a boyish shout
Gathers the violets blue and nodding ferns,
That wave a welcome from the other side.
With those he wreathes
The sunny head of little Nell, a neighbour's child,
Companion of his sorrows and his joys.
Sweet, dainty Nell, whose baby life
Seemed early linked with his,
And whom he loved with all a boy's devotion.
Long years have flown.
No longer boy and girl, but man and woman grown,
They stand again beside the brook, that murmurs
Ever in its course, nor stays for time nor man,
And tell the old, old story,
And promise to be true till life for them shall end.

Again the years roll on,
And they are old. The frost of age
Has touched the once-brown hair,
And left it white as are the chaliced lilies.
Children, whose rosy lips once claimed

A father's blessing and a mother's love,
Have grown to man's estate, save two
Whom God called early home to wait
For them in heaven.
And then the old man thinks
How on a night like this, when faint
And sweet as half-remembered dreams
Old Whippoorwill Falls did murmur soft
Its evening psalms, when fragrant lilies
Pointed up the way her Christ had gone,
God called the wife and mother home,
And bade him wait.
Oh? why is it so hard for
Man to wait? to sit with folded hands,
Apart, amid the busy throng,
And hear the buzz and hum of toil around;
To see men reap and bind the golden sheaves
Of earthly fruits, while he looks idly on,
And knows he may not join,
But only wait till God has said "Enough!"
And calls him home?

And thus the old man dreams,
And then awakes; awakes to hear
The sweet old song just dying
On the pulsing evening air:
"When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Lord of the helpless,
Oh, abide with me!"

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A BELFRY

LITCHFIELD MOSELEY

WE were a merry party at Merton Grange, Somersetshire, on Christmas Eve—I forget the date, but it must be twenty years ago at the very least. Uncle Goodman—or Uncle George, as we always called him, was a thorough specimen of an English gentleman of the old school, genial, warm-hearted and hospitable. Indeed, the greatest pleasure of his life seemed to consist in making other people happy.

I may as well say at once that my name is Willis Trotman; and at that time I was a rising young barrister, vegetating in grimy chambers in the delightful locality of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn.

Uncle George was a widower, with three daughters. Polly, the youngest, a little, merry-eyed, fair-haired girl of eighteen, was an especial favourite of mine, and delighted in teasing me whenever an opportunity offered.

"Polly," said I, as we sat down at the end of one of the dances, "how quiet some people are to-night! I'll wager a dozen pairs of gloves I can guess what you're thinking about."

"Some people are wonderfully clever. Pray, what am I thinking about?"

"You're wondering how many times you'll be kissed under the mistletoe to-night."

"You're an impudent boy, Willis. Whatever made you think of such a thing?"

"Your own bright eyes, Polly."

"If you talk like that, I'll never forgive you."

"Whew! how tremendously hot it is," said Uncle George, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "Christmas Eve! Why, I declare it's hot enough for July. Willis,

may I trouble you to throw open the lawn door a little way, and let us have a breath of fresh air?"

I did as I was told, and somehow, on sitting down again, I found Polly by my side.

"What do you say to a minute or two's turn round the garden, Polly?"

"I should like it above *all* things."

"Very well. Throw that shawl over your shoulders, and, the next move that takes place, we can slip out unobserved."

In a short time the opportunity offered, and no one noticed our disappearance.

"What a delightful night it is," said Polly, as we strolled leisurely down the garden. Look at that lovely moon, isn't it beautiful?"

"Delightful!" I replied. "It reminds me of some lines I read somewhere, some time ago, written by somebody or other. Let me see, they're something like this—

> 'When the pale orb of Diana shines over the sea,
> When nature's reposing, reposing, reposing—'

What an idiot I am! I forget what comes next; but I know the line ends with thee, or he, or she, or be, or something."

"Cousin, you're very poetical to-night; but when you commence a quotation you ought to be able to finish it. I don't feel at all cold, do you?"

"Not at all. Shall we stroll round the old church before we return, Polly?"

"I should like to very much. But perhaps we should be missed, and whatever would people say?"

"I don't care what anybody says," I replied. "I don't care for anybody or anything but you, dear Polly!"

The moon was taking effect.

"Willis! don't be so absurd, or I'll go back at once!"

"Don't be angry with me, Polly. It's the moon's fault. The moon is to blame for it all."

"So I should imagine," she replied coolly. "Sorry that I have been the means of subjecting you to its influence."

As we passed by, I noticed that the door of the church tower stood ajar. So I opened it a little way and peeped in.

"Polly," I said, "there's no one here. Wouldn't it be capital fun to run up the belfry steps, and see how the village looks from the top of the tower to-night?"

"How delightfully romantic! What a charming adventure for Christmas Eve!" she exclaimed.

"Are you sure you'll not be frightened, dear?"

"Frightened? Not a bit. Come along, Willis."

And we began to ascend the tower. Half way up, we came to an iron-bound door, which, luckily for us, was also open.

"I say, Willis! Whatever would people think of us if they could see us now?"

Flap! flap! flap! Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! tu-whoo! And a large owl flew past us, evidently disturbed by our intrusion.

"Oh, Willis, whatever was that?" she said, seizing me by the arm.

"Only an owl, dear."

"Is that all? How the horrid thing frightened me!"

A few steps more and we had reached the summit, and were standing just beneath the bells.

"Oh, Willis, Willis! I had no idea that it was half so beautiful. Look at the lights in the village—look at the Grange—look at the shadows on the blinds! I wonder if they have missed us yet."

Just then there came a sudden gust of wind, followed by a loud bang.

"Whatever was that, Willis?"

I guessed its meaning immediately, and hurried down the stairs, to find that the middle door had blown to, and that we were securely fastened in. There we were shut up in the belfry of an old Norman church tower just before midnight on Christmas Eve.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what are we to do now! Whatever will become of us!"

"Be calm, dearest, compose yourself. Our case is not utterly hopeless after all. I have a box of fuzees in my pocket. I'll light them one by one, and throw out signals of distress."

"But there's nobody about to see them. Suppose we have to stay here all night! It's not twelve o'clock yet, and it will be eight hours before daylight."

"Polly!" I said quietly.

"Oh, don't waste time talking to me, if you please. Oh, why did you bring me up here? Oh, whatever will become of us? Oh, Willis, Willis, *do* do something! Can't you tear our pocket handkerchiefs into strips, and tie the pieces together, and let yourself down? I'm sure if I were a man I would."

"Never mind, dearest, I'll not desert you; at least, we'll die together."

"A-tishyu! a-tishyu! I'm catching an awful cold, Willis! I can feel it coming on," she said, after a pause.

"Here's a nice warm corner," I answered. "Crouch down in this recess, while I reconnoitre. Take the fuzees, light them one by one, and you can warm your hands by them," I added, tying my white handkerchief over her head as I spoke.

"Don't let me rob you, Willis. I'm sure you want it more than I do. I have my shawl."

"Never mind me, Polly. I'm more used to this sort of thing than you are."

"But listen! Don't you hear voices?"

"Of course I do. Oh, how fortunate for us! It's the bell-ringers! Don't you know it's the custom at Merton to ring the bells on Christmas Eve?"

"Thank goodness! then we shall soon be delivered from our captivity," I said.

As I spoke, the bells began to swing slowly backwards and forwards—ding, dong! ding, dong! ding, dong! I could hear the voices of the bell-ringers beneath, so I ran down the steps, and shouted loudly.

"Hallo, there! hallo! Giles Stubbins. Hallo, there!"

"Mussy on us! wa-at be that?" I heard the old man ask his companion. "Didn't ye hear zoomat?"

"Noa, I heerd nought," was the reply; and again I shouted and rattled at the door.

"Didn't ye hear nought then, Daavid?" asked Stubbins.

"Aye, did I! I heard a screeching loike. Giles! Giles! tak' my word for 'un, it be a ghoast! Coom awaay, man, coom awaay! I've seen 'un—I've seen 'un!"

"Seen whaat?"

"Why, the ghoast! I seed 'un put 'un's head out o' belfry window just now, all whoite loike! I never seed nought so horrible afore! There be one on 'em now!"

This was one of the fuzees; and he had evidently seen poor Polly in her white dress, with my handkerchief over her head.

"Doan't run away, Daavid, wi'out me! Doan't leave me here alone, ye coward—doan't!" cried Giles; and away trotted the two old men towards the village, leaving their lanterns behind them, and shouting loudly, "A ghoast! a ghoast! a ghoast!"

"We're in a worse mess now than ever, Polly; those two old idiots have taken *you* for a ghost, and they'll raise the village."

"Oh, dear! What will become of us? What are we to do?"

"Face it out bravely," I said; as, seizing a rope, I began to ring one of the bells. Ding, dong! ding, dong! ding, dong!

"Whatever are you doing, Willis?"

"Sounding the tocsin, Polly—ringing the alarm bell."

"Oh, Willis! what a disturbance we are making! And what will papa say? This adventure will be the talk of the village for years, and I shall be ashamed to show my face in it again."

"Uncle George will only laugh at the joke," I rejoined; "and as to being ashamed to show your face in the village, come to London with me, and be my own dear little wife! Polly! I adore you, Polly! I am your devoted slave. One little word from you will make me the happiest of men."

"Sir, I am ashamed of you! This is not the time for such nonsense."

"Polly, do you consider my love nonsense? Listen to me for a moment."

"Hark!" she cried.

There was a roar of many voices beneath, and, looking down, I saw a crowd of villagers armed with rakes, hoes, shovels, spades and pitchforks. Presently I heard the voice of Uncle George say,—

"A ghost, eh? Don't believe a word of it. A sovereign to the first man who goes up the belfry."

"I doan't want your money, zquire; and I bean't vrightened o' ghoasts—zo here goes," said Abraham White, one of Uncle George's men.

"Come along, my lads, it's all fancy!" cried Uncle George. "It's my belief there's nothing there.

So in order to convince him I gave the rope another vigorous pull.

"Whew! That's strange! That bell didn't ring itself. Follow me, lads."

Then I heard him mount the steps, and rattle the wooden door.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

Something prompted me to have a joke at his expense; so, in reply, I gave a long, loud howl, something between a yell and a shriek—an accomplishment I had learned at school. Away scudded Uncle George, five steps at a time, followed by his supporters.

"By Jove! no mortal made that sound, I'll wager," I heard him say; and again I tugged at the bell. Ding, dong! ding, dong! ding, dong!

"Ten pounds to the man who breaks open the door!" said Uncle George.

"Gie's us hold o' your zhovel, Jacob. Ghoast or no ghoast, I'll soon have 'un out."

And immediately afterwards the door was attacked with heavy blows by the besiegers.

Somewhat fearful of the result, I whispered to Polly—"Retire upstairs a few steps, while I capitulate." Seeing that she was out of danger, I shouted—"Hallo there! What are you making all that noise about, eh?"

"Why, that's Willis's voice!" exclaimed Uncle George.

"Of course it is, Uncle; and there's somebody else here as well."

The door at this moment gave way, discovering Polly and myself.

"Oh, papa, dear, don't be angry!" she cried.

"Angry! What have I got to be angry for, eh? But how on earth did you get up there? Come, tell me all about it. Why, what's that you're wrapped up in? Ha, ha, ha! You're a beauty now, and no mistake!"

Poor Polly certainly cut rather a queer figure, enveloped in a dirty old sack that we had discovered in a corner of the belfry; and her hands, face and dress were smothered with thick black dust.

"Ha, ha, ha! My dear, it's a shame to laugh at you; but I really can't help it. Bless me, how cold you are! Come, wrap yourself up in my coat, and we'll go indoors at once."

In a few minutes I had explained the whole affair to Uncle George's satisfaction; and I never heard a man laugh more heartily.

I repeated my offer to Polly the very next day, and what do you think was her reply?

"I'll give you your answer, sir, the next time we are locked up together on Christmas Eve in a belfry!"

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice—
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.
Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with grey hair aflow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves

Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman," Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor,
A single soldo is our only store,
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God well may spare them on his errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius: "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled!)
Take what thou asketh, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms,
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.
So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar, candlesticks of gold!

THE SURGEON'S CHILD

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY

(By special permission of the Author)

WHO's that snarling at Doctor? Come, out wi' it, mate, let's hear;
What's he been doin' to vex 'ee? I sha'n't tell him, no fear;
Wouldn't sign up your papers, said you could work quite well?
Thought you was shammin', I reckon, an' wasn't afeard to tell.
Why do I get in a temper? Look here, I'll tell 'ee for why:
'Tis twenty years as I've know'd him; an' that means knowin', says I;
Know'd what he's done for the village, toiled for us night an' day,
Wi' fidgets an' grumbles for thanks, an' little to get for pay.
So stop your mutters, Jem Brown, there; don't hark to him, mates, I say;
Leave him alone on the settle, to grumble an' mumble away.
I'll tell 'ee a tale o' Doctor, if you've a mind to bid,
Jem's told 'ee some'at he *ha'n't* done, I'll tell 'ee some'at he *did*.

'Twere five years ago this Christmas, just such another night,
Snow, snow, snow, driftin' an' deep an' white;
Snow on the Battery Woods, an' all over Weston Down,
Right along Portbury Valley away t'ward Bristol town.
I were sittin' alone in the tallet, the hosses were munchin' below,
Tired, like I, poor brutes, we'd been out all day in the snow.

'Twere a sorrowful Christmas eve, in the old house there that night,
Never a branch o' holly nor a sound o' laughter light;
No one there in the hall, where all on us used to go
To give 'em our Christmas wishes an' hang up the mistletoe.
The house were all dumb an' dark, the children they couldn't play,
For their little blue-eyed sister were dyin', you see, that day,
Master's bonniest darlin',—down like a broken rose,
An' when she were taken from him, what 'ud he do, God knows.
They thought she were dyin' that mornin'—yet Master were bound to go,
Bound to leave little Missie, though he loved her, loved her so.
But he were the parish doctor, an' he'd got his work to do,
An' he know'd it an' did it, God bless him! though it tore his heart in two.
All day long through the village from house to house he passed,
For that were the terrible winter, an' the folks were dyin' fast;
Went wi' his skilful hand and his comfortin' voice and smile,
While at home his blue-eyed darlin' lay dyin' all the while.
An' I watched him when he comes in, wi' his face so stern and white,
Never a word he said, for he knew 'twas her last long night.
An' I prayed for our little Missie, for I thought that God, mebbe,
Would hear for the sake o' Master, if not for the likes o' me.
An' I made me a bed in the tallet, in a bundle o' straw and hay,
For I couldn't go home that night, she might die while I were away.

But I hadn't been dozin' or sleepin' nor more nor an hour or so,
When I hears the Master callin', down in the yard below:
"Robbins! put to the horses!" I thought I was dreamin' then;
I listened—"Robbins! Robbins!" I heard him callin' agen.
An' down I goes in a minit, an' there he stood in the way,
Wi' Norman's lad wi' a lantern, as had come from Weston Bay.
We harnessed the hosses; he helped me, but never a word he said,
His hands were tremblin', I felt 'em, but his face were like the dead.
"Where be you goin', sir?" I asked him, for I couldn't believe it still;
"Why can't they wait till the mornin', wi' poor little Missie so ill?
Don't leave her, sir, don't, I tell 'ee—you'll never see her no more."
"Quick! Be quick!" he whispered, "there's a ship run aground at the Nore!"
I knew what that meant in a minit, as I heard the wind a-blow,
An' I thought o' the crazy vessel driftin' through wave an' snow,
Till I seemed to see her strikin' an' to hear the breakers' roar,
As they dashed the half-dead bodies up on that open shore;
An' how 'ud the fishermen help 'em? What 'ud they know to do
For the lives o' these poor creatures, drippin' an' stark an' blue?
They wanted my Master, I knew it, wanted the Doctor's aid;
But what were twenty strangers to the life o' his little maid?

An' I begged him not to leave her. "Mebbe she'll rally," said I,
"You'd know what to do to save her if you was only by."
"Robbins," he answered hoarsely, "we're all in God's hands to-day;
There's a wreck at the Nore, I tell you; take hold o' the reins, I say."
"Master, forgi'e me," I muttered, "'twas all o' my foolish heart,
But let me see little Missie just once afore we start,
An' I'll go to the end o' the world, wherever you wants to go,
For God will send an angel to watch in your place, I trow."

He left the boy wi' the hosses; he opened the old hall door,
An' softly we went together across the silent floor;
There were her little hat, her spade an' her empty shoes,
I should never clean 'em no more for little Missie to use;
There were the stick I'd cut her, and the hoop as she used to bowl
Over the borders to plague me, sweet little saucy soul;
"Never no more," I said it, as we went upstairs in the gloom,
Past all the closed doors, and came to her quiet room;
"Never no more," I knew it, as I saw her where she lay,
Wi' her pretty blue eyes closin' an' her gold hair cut away;
An' Missus down on her knees wi' her arms around her tight,
As if she could not let her go on such a bitter night.
An' I kissed little Missie's forehead, they didn't amind, not they,
An' Missus gave me her hand, she hadn't no word to say,
But she looked in Master's eyes as if askin' him, "*Must* you go?"
God, I'd ha' given my life could I only ha' answered "No."

Then as he stooped o'er the child, she opened her blue eyes wide.
"Where are you goin', daddy? Why won't you stay?" she cried.
But he tore himself out o' her arms wi' a groan o' anguish wild.
An' he left the dear wife watchin' alone by their dyin' child.
He knew that his skill was useless, that *her* he couldn't save,
But he thought o' those poor lost creatures out in the wind an' wave;
He saw where his duty called him, an' went wi'out stint or stay
To do what he could for others—'tis allus a doctor's way!
An' down through the dark we stumbled an' out o' the open door,
An' I said in my heart—"Little Missie will never be ours no more."
But up to the box I sprang, an' away like mad we sped,
An' ever the sea kep' boomin' a song o' the wrecked an' dead;
Over the downs we galloped, an' louder the breakers' roar
Seemed to be callin', callin', "A ship's run aground at the Nore!"
While another voice was moanin', all through our bitter ride,
"Where are you goin' to, daddy? Why won't you stay?" it cried.

There! there's no call to tell 'ee all as we saw that night,
The poor stark frozen bodies, an' the fishermen dazed an' white,
An' how he worked wi' us all, wi' his cheery voice and will,
Till we'd carried 'em up the gully to Norman's farm on the hill;
Worked till the sweat rolled down in spite o' the keen night air,
As though he hadn't a sorrow eatin' his own heart there;

Worked at those cold, still limbs, wi' his strong and tender hands,
Till the life-blood stirred an' quivered out o' its icy bands;
Worked till the still breasts trembled wi' deep an' strugglin' breath,
An' slowly their flutterin' lives came back from the jaws o' death.
Then, when the day were breakin', an' we hadn't no more to do,
We turned the hosses home'ards wi' never a word—we two.
I wanted to speak to him then, but I hadn't the heart to speak,
For I saw the tears a-rollin' down my dear Master's cheek.
He saw where the sun were shinin' across the valley below,
Right on the old house gables, makin' 'em all aglow,
Over the roofs and chimneys, but brightest it seemed to play
On the east'ard corner window, where little Missie lay.
"Quick, Robbins, quick!" he whispered; an' I think the hosses knew
How he sat wi' his heart a-breakin' as over the snow we flew;
Thud! thud! thud! rattlin' down the hill,
Roun' by the old lodge corner, faster an' faster still;
Faster; like mad they galloped, an' in at the gate we spun—
God! what was that at the window? Was that little Missie gone?
Was it her spirit fled forth? An' could not his darlin' wait?
Callin' for daddy, daddy, an' had we come back too late?
In through the door he rushed wi' his tear-stained face ascare,
An' then like one in a dream I followed him up the stair.

But I stopped—for her door were open, an' there by her little bed
Master were kneelin' wi' Missus!—Were little Missie dead?
I crept a bit closer—God bless her! I heard her gentle breath,
An' I knew she were sleepin' sweetly, but not the sleep of death.

They told me all as had happened—they scarce could speak for tears;
Mates, I shall never forget it, if I live for fifty years;
'Twere after we started together, mebbe as we got to the shore,
Missus were prayin' beside her, as she heard the tempest roar.
An' suddenly Missie looked up, and touched her mother's brow,
"God bless daddy," she whispered, "whatever he's doin' now!"
An' then it seemed she grew quiet, an' laid down her pretty head,
Drawin' her mammy's hand into her cosy bed.
And thus, when the dawn was breakin', she fell to a sleep at last,
So calm an' still an' peaceful, they knew that the worst was past.

So down I went to the hosses, an' left 'un there alone,
For I knew 'twas her daddy she'd look for when her happy sleep were done;

An' I says to myself, "God saw him out on that bitter
shore,
Knew what he did an' suffered, an' all as he bravely bore;
An' if ever he sends an angel down to this earth below
To help us to do our duty, to cheer us in want or woe,
I reckon he thought o' Master as he toiled wi' his careworn
face,
An' sent an angel to Missie to watch in her daddy's place."

AUNT AGATHA ANN

MARY E. MANNERS

(From *Aunt Agatha Ann and Other Poems* (James Clarke & Co.) *by special permission of the Authoress*)

AUNT AGATHA ANN was a little old maid,
Of mice and black-beetles extremely afraid.
She was gentle, and patient, and always polite,
She ne'er had a "mission" nor dreamed of a "right";
In the face of which facts it is needless to state
That Aunt Agatha Ann wasn't quite "up to date."
She hadn't the faintest desire for a vote,
She read very little—but more than she wrote.
So I'm greatly surprised that no well-informed man
Ever wanted to marry Aunt Agatha Ann.

In these days of advance
When we all look askance
At the girl whose sole aim is to flirt and to dance,
And express our surprise
When a pair of blue eyes
From the azure in hose, carries off the rich prize,

We are apt to look back
On our grandmother's track
With a glance of contempt for those times dark and black;
And are wont to declare
With superior air
That man in past ages didn't "play fair,"
But of fun and amusement took more than his share.
For, should marriage fail,
Life henceforth was stale,
And tedious, and dull as an often-told tale.
Yet I do not believe that Aunt Agatha Ann
Greatly troubled or grieved for that recusant Man!

For nieces and nephews, nearly a score,
Kept her neat little house in a state of uproar;
They ruled o'er her house, and they ruled o'er her heart;
In her life, and her love, each one had a part;
She was worshipped and teased by the whole of the clan;
A sweet maiden aunt was Miss Agatha Ann!

Did Maud catch the measles, or Clara the croup;
Did Tom break his arm, or Harry his hoop;
Did Jack fall in love, or Dick in disgrace;
Did Nell lose her heart, or Percy his place;
'Twas no matter what.—When the trouble began
Mamma "dropped a line" to Aunt Agatha Ann.

In response to the call
(With no pause at all)
Aunt Ann came, with comfort for great and for small.
Not one was left out;
But there isn't a doubt
That the trouble on which her best sympathies fell
Was the loss which had happened to darling Niece Nell.

For though Agatha Ann no lover had known,
In the forty odd years which had over her flown,
Yet a hundred young people had told her their cares;
She was quite a "past-mistress" in Cupid's affairs.
And was never so much at her ease and her glory
As when right in the midst of a thrilling love story!

If the butcher too long at her door chanced to stay,
Dear Auntie, benignly, would look the wrong way;
"Poor Auntie," thought Nell, "she is dull, I'm afraid,
It's a terrible thing to become an old maid!
There'll be weeping and wailing throughout the whole clan,
But I'm going to *marry* Aunt Agatha Ann."

In this state of mind Nellie went to a ball;
Her partner was rosy, cherubic and small;
By profession a banker, by name Peter Craik
(She looked at him closely for Auntie's dear sake);
A charming old gentleman (fifty at least),
And Nellie's respect for him hourly increased;
As she said to herself, "He's a nice little man,
Why shouldn't *he* marry Aunt Agatha Ann?"

'Twas a morning in May
And the meadows were gay,
The sweet little lambkins were frisking at play,
And dear little dicky-birds singing all day,
Though innocent rustics, in tatter'd array,
Were making strange noises to scare them away,
When Peter set forth, without further delay,
On a call which he'd long been intending to pay
Upon Nell, who with Auntie was making a stay;
While the name which, to music, through all his thoughts ran
Sounded much more like "Ellen" than "Agatha Ann"!

His waistcoat was white, and his necktie was neat,
He'd a flow'r in his coat, patent shoes on his feet;
And the neighbours all said, "He's a well-to-do man,
And he's surely come courting Miss Agatha Ann!"

Now Nell at the window was standing, 'tis clear,
And descried the old gentleman ere he drew near;
Up the stairs, in three bounds, she immediately ran,
And thus, without preface, all breathless, began:
"Mr Craik's come to call, and he's *such* a nice man,
Let's ask him to dinner, Aunt Agatha Ann!"

"My dear," cried Auntie, in dismay,
"I really don't know what to say.
Because, you see, on washing day
We have no pudding.

"One suet dumpling we have got,
Already boiling in the pot,
But that, you know, my child, is not
A proper pudding!"

"Nay, Auntie mine," cried laughing Nell,
"Your dumpling, sure, will do quite well,
The difference he ne'er will tell,
Just *call* it pudding."

To this Aunt Agatha agreed
(She always did as Nell decreed);
She likewise donned, at Nell's behest,
Her cap and gown of "Sunday best,"
Then went down to receive her guest;
Within whose head a maxim sage,
Repeated oft from youth to age,

Was running like a solemn chant:
"To win the niece, first gain the aunt."
On the strength of which motto the wise little man
Was *more* than polite to Aunt Agatha Ann!

Aunt Ann's request that he would share
Her own and Nellie's homely fare,
Accepted was, with courteous air.
Thought Nell to herself, "Hurrah for my plan!
He's falling in love with Aunt Agatha Ann."

But all the time they were at meat
Aunt Ann, for worry, scarce could eat,
While to herself she did repeat:
"Not dumpling—pudding."

But now she saw the die was cast;
For Jane, to crown the neat repast,
Upon the board had placed, at last,
The dumpling-pudding.

Aunt Ann, from nervous terror freed,
Thought it looked very well indeed;
Nor longer feared her guest would heed
The lack of pudding.

Then, all unconscious of mistake,
She, smiling, said to Peter Craik:
"Pray, Mr DUMPLING, will you take
A piece of pudding?"

Plump little Peter looked irate;
The term was too appropriate;
And grave decorum scarce held out
Against his look of pain and doubt.

A titter first from Nell began ;
Then Jane, the housemaid, turned and ran,
While quite aghast sat poor Aunt Ann.
Then Peter, feeling in the way,
Took up his hat, and said "Good-day."
And never again did that nice little man
Come to call on Niece Nell and Aunt Agatha Ann !

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

JOHN LAWRENCE

FROM lands where the sun burns fiercely and red,
O'er the barren wastes of the desert sands ;
From climes where the bloom of his youth was shed
The wanderer returns to his fatherland.
He has entered his native village street
Each step of the ground's a familiar track,
Say ! who of his friends will be first to greet
And welcome the long-lost wanderer back ?
Though tanned by the suns of an Eastern clime
And changed by the shadowy hand of time ;
Though years have elapsed, is the wanderer forgot ?
Will the friends of his boyhood know him not ?

In the lowly porch of a cottage door
Stands the bosom friend of his early years,
They had sported together in days before
And parted at last in sorrow and tears.
"Good evening, friend," was the wanderer's cry,
In the cheerful tones of another day ;

"Good evening, friend," was the cold reply,
And the wanderer turned unheeded away;
For tanned by the suns of an Eastern clime,
And changed by the shadowy hand of time;
Long years had elapsed and the wanderer's forgot,
And the friend of his boyhood knew him not.

In the evening calm, singing soft and low,
A maiden reclines on a flowery slope,
She was the betrothed one of long ago,
The pride of his youth and his manhood's hope.
"God bless thee, maiden," he lowly cried,
While his manly voice with emotion shook;
She lifted her eyes; and the wanderer sighed,
For she only returned him a stranger's look.
For tanned by the suns of an Eastern clime,
And changed by the shadowy hand of time;
Though ne'er through the lapse of years forgot,
The betrothed of his boyhood knew him not.

He approaches his home—on the garden gate,
Leaned she who had smoothed his infant brow,
She had long lost sight of the wanderer's fate,
Oh, say! will his mother not know him now?
He is passing on with a like salute
When his quivering voice through her bosom runs—
There's a wistful gaze—and a moment of doubt—
And the joyous shout of "My son, my son!"
For though tanned by the suns of an Eastern clime,
And changed by the shadowy hand of time,
What change could a long-lost child disguise
From the fond deep gaze of a mother's eyes?

MORAY AND HIS THIRTY

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS, MARCH 1315.

(From *Last Poems* (Grant Richards), *by special permission of the Authoress*)

LONG as the fair old city stands, the glory of the North,
Long as "King Arthur's Seat" o'erlooks the flashing of the Forth;
Long as o'er lovely Edinbro' queens high her castled hold,
Of Moray and his Thirty shall the gallant tale be told.

St Andrew's Cross was gleaming from many a taken wall,
As Highland isle and Lowland glen rose to the Bruce's call;
But from Stirling and from Edinbro', in firm defiance still,
The English Lion flaunted free and told her Sovereign's will.

Cold in his noble Abbey lay he whose sun had set
In clouds of stormy presage the great Plantagenet;
'Mid favourites and fooleries, the weakly sapling lost
All that the mighty oak had won—won at such bitter cost.
But still King Edward's standard from the Castle floated gay,
And still the rock impregnable held Bruce's best at bay,
To loyal threat and loyal strength laughed frank defiance down,
Where Moray's baffled legions camped about the subject town.

A soldier sought the warrior Earl, whose ready ear and wit
Caught every rumour as it flew, and took the heart from it;
"I have scaled the rock full oft," he said, "in boyish fears despite;
Who is there, that for Bruce's sake, will try my path to-night?

"O ay the road is perilous, craves wary grasp and tread,
And once a sentinel look down, by Mary, we were sped!
But the moon is at her birth, I wot, the clouds heap in the west;
To dare and die—to dare and win—for Scotland which were best?"

"Right art thou," fiery Moray said, and to his soldiers spoke,
And as they heard an eager cry from every squadron broke;
Full many a stalwart trooper felt crossed hope was hard to bear,
As Randolph chose his Thirty from the host of heroes there.

The moon hung dim and haloed above the tossing Firth,
The wind swept with a muffled moan across the frost-bound earth;
And from the driving wrack of clouds the light gleamed faint and far,
As in black robes the Thirty met round Moray's silver star.

High up in Edinbro' Castle, secure the English slept,
Their dreary rounds the sentinels in careful order stept;
And creeping, struggling upwards, nerves, sinews all astrain,
Clomb Randolph and his Thirty, their glorious prize to gain.

"Below there, ho! I see you," a soldier cried in jest;
I trow the throbbing pulses froze in every warrior breast;
Yet nor stir nor cry betokened their deadly peril when
The loosened crag came bounding down, 'mid Moray and his men.

Then rose the cry of wild surprise, of desperate darkling fight,
As, like ghosts, the bold invaders sprung upon that guarded height.
Brief was the furious struggle, as, startled from their rest,
Unarmed, amazed, the English met each fierce unbidden guest.

And when the lingering morning broke upon the Castle Rock,
The ruddy Lion ramped no more, the Scottish breeze to mock;
And when King Robert to his feast bid the captains of his host,
"To Moray and his Thirty" he pledged the crowning toast.

THANATOPSIS

W. C. Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

RICHARD MARSH

(*By special permission of the Author, and* James Bowden, Publisher)

ONCE I were a waiter—never again! It was like this here. At that time I was fresh from the country—ah! I was fresh, and I was in a situation along with old Bob Perkins what kep' a greengrocer's shop in 'Ampstead Road. One day Perkins says to me, "Brocklebank," he says, "would you like to do a little job of waiting?" I knew as he went out acting as waiter at private parties and such like, and I says, "I don't mind," I says, "not that I knows anything about it, if that don't make no odds." "Lor', no!" he says; "it's

only the cloakroom where the gents puts their hats and coats and umbrellas that you'll have to look after, and you'll get half-a-crown and your grub for doin' it." "I'm on," I says, "I shouldn't be surprised if I was able to keep a heye upon a humbrella."

But I were wrong, as I'm going to tell yer.

In the evening I went with Perkins to a house in Camden Road. I had on an old dress suit of Perkins', which wasn't no sort of fit, seeing as how he was fifty-two in the waist, and I was twenty-five; but he said that, as no one would see me, it would be all right. Which I hoped it would be. It didn't feel all right, I tell you that.

When me and Perkins got up to the house, they put me straight away into a little bandbox of a cupboard sort of place, where there was some shelves, and some 'ooks and some pieces of paper with numbers on, the same number on two pieces of paper, and a box of pins. Perkins, he'd told me what I'd have to do as we was coming along, so I wipes my 'and on his breeches, and I 'opes for the best.

Well, I got on pretty well considering, so long as the people didn't come too fast; and I daresay I should have got on somehow to the end if I hadn't been fresh from the country. Of course I didn't know what gentleman wear, and one 'at was like another 'at to me—and that was where I was deceived. One gent fair took me aback. He came in with a 'igh top hat on 'is 'ead, and when he took it off, he put one end against his chest, and he gave it a sort of a shove, and squashed it as flat as my hand. I thought as 'ow he'd been having a drop to drink, and had busted his brand new hat for a bit of a joke. But he seemed to be sober enough; and just then some more gents came up and did the same to their 'ats. Then I began to see there was more in the nature of a 'igh 'at than I'd supposed, and so when there came a sort of a lull like, I made up my mind to squash the hats of the other gents as had forgotten to do

it for themselves, to see if I could make a bit of room. So I takes up one as an old gent had just given me—a beautiful shiny one it was—and I sets it against my chest, and I starts a-'eavin'. I'd no idea it 'ud be so 'ard. Them other gents seemed to squash theirs easy, but this 'ere one took some shovin', and the rest, some forty of them, were the same. I supposed there was some knack about the thing as I hadn't caught, for I had to sit on them before they'd lie down flat. And when I'd finished the lot, they looked all so lop-sided and crumpled-like that a shiver went down my back; and I began to wish as 'ow I hadn't come.

Presently up comes the gent as had given me the 'igh 'at as I had started squashin'—a tall old gent, very fierce looking, with a long white moustache, a regular toff. "Give me my 'at," he says. I pulled it out from under a 'eap of others —I 'ad good reason to know it. He looks at it and then he looks at me. "That's not my 'at," he says. "Excuse me, sir," I says, "it is your 'at—leastways it's the one as you gave to me."

"Mine was a new 'at," he says.

"Yes, sir," I says, "so I thought, sir, when you gave it to me. It didn't look as though it 'adn't never been worn. If you try this 'at on, sir, you will find, sir, as it's yours."

Then he takes the 'at out of my 'and and squints inside of it.

"As I'm alive," he says, "I do believe it's mine; but, good 'evins," he says, "whatever 'ave you been a-doin' to it?"

"I've only been a-squashing of it, sir," I says.

"Only been a-squashin' of it?" he says; and he gives a kind of gasp. "Are you drunk, man?"

"No, sir," I says, "and that I'm not. I haven't 'ad so much as 'alf-a-pint since I've been inside this 'ouse." Which I 'adn't, and my throat was gettin' regular parched.

"Then if you're not drunk," he says, "what the dickens

do you mean by tellin' me that you've only been a-squashin' of a brand-new 'at? 'Ang me if it doesn't look as if you'd been a-sittin' down on it."

"I had to," I says, "to make it stay down flat."

I thought he'd have 'ad a fit.

"You scoundrel," he says; "if you was my servant, I'd have you sent to gaol for this. Take the 'at, you 'ound, you"—and I'm blessed if he didn't throw 'is 'at right in my face, and dash out of the 'ouse!

Just then three other gents came 'astening up—young ones, too, they was.

"'Ats, waiter," they says, "we're in a hurry."

"What is your numbers, gentlemen?" I says.

"You never gave us none," they says.

"In that case, gentlemen," I says, "I'll have to ask you for to be so good as to choose your own 'ats,"—and I takes up in both my hands a 'eap of squashed 'igh 'ats, and I 'olds them out to 'em. You should have seen their faces. First they looks at me, and then they looks at each other. Then one of them gives a sort of a grin and says, "Ain't you made some sort of mistake?" he says. "Ours was 'igh 'ats."

"Well, and ain't these 'igh 'ats?" I says.

"They looks to me as if they was low 'ats," says one, a puffy-faced feller with curly 'air—"uncommonly low 'ats. I never saw none look lower."

All three laughs—what at was more than I could say. Then the third one, he has a go—a stylish-looking chap, very handsome, like you sees in the barber's shops.

"Waiter," he says, "are you a-'avin' a game with us?"

"A game, sir?" I says, "beggin' your pardon, sir, I'm not 'avin' no game with no one. Do I look as if I was?"

"Well," he says, "I asks you for my 'at, and you offers me my choice of them leavins from a rag and bone shop;

so, if you ain't a-'avin' a game with me, I don't know what you're a-'avin'."

"Come, waiter," says the one as had spoken first, "didn't we tell you as 'ow we was in a hurry? Let us have our hats. Don't keep on playing the fool with us."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen," I says; "if anyone's playing the fool, it seems to me, asking of your leave, as it's you as is playing the fool with me. First you asks me for to give you your 'ats, and then, when I offers you some hats for to take what is your own, you starts a-larfin'. If, as you says, you're in a hurry, perhaps you'll step inside and cast your eyes around, and point out which is your 'ats. You can take which ones you please, for all I care."

They stepped in, and when they was in and I was in, there wasn't much room left for anything but breathing, and hardly room enough for that.

"Where is the 'igh 'ats?" says the stylish-looking feller.

"Where is your heyes?" I says. "Ain't they all over the place? Why, you're a-steppin' on one now."

You should have seen the hop he gave.

"These 'ats," he says, "from what I can see of them—which isn't much — looks to me as if they had all been squashed."

"Of course they has," I says. "'Ow do you suppose I was going to find room for them if they wasn't? This ain't the Halbit 'All and yet it ain't the Crystal Pallis."

From the way in which they looked at each other, I felt that there was something that wasn't altogether as it ought to be. So I goes on,—

"If them 'ats ain't been squashed eggsactly as they ought to have been squashed, that ain't my fault," I says. "You ought to have squashed them for yourselves, as the other gents done. I don't know nothin' about the squashin' of 'igh 'ats, and I never laid myself out as knowing nothing. I just put them against my chest and gives them a shove,

and then I sits on 'em to make 'em lie down flat. That's all I done."

When I stopped, they burst out larfin' fit to split, and staggered out into the 'all, and the curly-headed one, he cries out, "Oh, Sheepshanks, do come here."

Then a cove came up as I found out afterwards was the bloke as was a-givin' the party.

"Oh, Sheepshanks," says the young feller, "if he ain't squashed them just eggsactly as they ought to have been squashed, don't you blame him. He never laid himself out as knowing nothing about the squashin' of 'igh 'ats, but he's done his best; he's sat down upon them to make them lie flat. Oh! someone put a piece of ice down my back afore I die." And he kep' on larfin' so, I thought he would 'ave bust.

Mr Sheepshanks, he comes into the little bandbox of a room, lookin' a bit pinky. He looks at some 'ats which I was a-holdin' in my hands.

"Who's been destroying these 'ats?" he says.

"No one ain't been a-destroying of them," I says. "I've only been a-squashin' them and sitting on them to make them lie down flat—that's all."

He gives a kind of gasp like as if he were taken short of breath upon a sudden.

"Oh," he says, "is that all you've been a-doin'? And what sort of a drunken idiot may you be, pray?"

"I'm not drunk," I says, "seein' as 'ow I 'aven't even seen the sight of liquor since I've been inside this blessed 'ouse. And as for idiot, I ain't so much of an idiot, perhaps, as you are;" for I didn't care who he was. I'd had about enough of being bully-ragged.

"Who brought you here?" he says.

"No one brought me here," I says, "seeing as 'ow I came along of Mr Perkins to oblige him, and now I wish I hadn't, and so I tell you straight."

"I also," he says, "am inclined to wish you hadn't. Where's Perkins?"

Presently Perkins comes a-'urrying up.

"Perkins," says Mr Sheepshanks, "what scoundrel is this you have brought into my 'ouse?"

"It's only a young man from the country, sir," says Perkins, "as I brought with me to help in the cloak-room. I do hope he has been doing of nothing wrong."

"I don't know if you're a-thinkin'," says Mr Sheepshanks, "that I asked my friends to my 'ouse to 'ave their 'ats destroyed, because your young man, as you says is from the country—and I hope to goodness as to how he'll soon go back to it—has done for every one of them."

"I denies it," I says. "I tells you again as I tells you afore, I've only been a-squashin' of 'em and a-sittin' on 'em to make 'em lie down flat."

When I says that, the way Mr Perkins goes on at me was what I never had expected. He abused me scandalous. He took me by the neck and he hustled me out into the hall. And there was all the people what was at the party, a-crowdin' on the stairs. If you'll believe me before I hardly knew what had happened, I found myself a-standin'—

Yes, that was the first time ever I acted as a waiter—likewise it was the very last.

THE BALLAD OF BABY BELL

T. B. Aldrich

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;

With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May,
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those open gates of Paradise.

And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born;
We felt we had a link between
The real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened too,
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech

And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

DRUMCLOG

A BALLAD OF THE COVENANTERS (1679)

HORACE G. GROSER

(From *Atlantis and Other Poems* (Hutchinson & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

AT daybreak, on the Westland moors, we met our God to praise,
Gathered, despite a king's command, our morning psalm to raise;
And with the thin grey morning mists that wreathed above the glen
Rose up the song, rose up the prayer, of thrice three hundred men.

All through those early Sabbath hours no foeman's step drew nigh;
Then came, hot-foot across the heath, our scouts with warning cry:
"To arms! to arms! the proud white plume of Claver'se yonder shines!"
And louder still, "To arms! to arms!" was echoed down the lines.

"For Christ our King and Covenant"—we flung the banner wide!
And at the sight a ringing shout the glittering troop defied.
The mother led her bairns apart, the strong man pressed before,
And beardless lads that day drew steel that once their grandsires wore.

But ill it served the haughty Graeme to find us thus prepared,
For, safe in Drumclog's lonely vale, he thought the game was snared;
And wrath was in that cruel face, as down the glen he came,
To find the pathway set with pikes, and lit with points of flame.

Woe to the fiend whose dainty blade with blood of martyrs ran!
To those who flout the Lord of Heaven, and have no ruth for man!
Answered shall be their piteous cry who fell on Rullion Green,
Vain, vain the troopers' headlong charge—God's angel stands between.

Nearer and nearer still they drew, and as we knelt to pray,
Wild as a winter blast the foe swept up the marshy way;
Ere we could rise, with sudden flash, the levelled carbines rang,
And with drawn swords, to close the strife, the horsemen forward sprang.

Unscathed we rose, and, as their steeds came plunging through the mire,
On plumèd helm and bright cuirass poured down an answering fire;
A moment's space the smoke-cloud hid the glittering ranks beneath,
And then through flying drifts we saw confusion, rage, and death.

With muttered oath the troopers turned, back-wheeling up
the hill;
The wounded charger shuddering reared, with neighings
loud and shrill;
Low drooped the plume, the nerveless hand let fall the
slackened rein;
They sank to earth, and earth drank in the red blood of
the slain.

Then, gripping scythe and pike, we burst resistless on their
rear;
Rider and steed and all went down, as louder rose the
cheer—
"Sword of the Lord and Gideon! For God and for the
right!
Strike for the Cause, and think on those who fell at Rullion
Fight!"

And thus across the dark morass, and up the slope of green,
Swayed the broad stream of struggling men as never yet
was seen;
And Claver'se, on his charmèd steed, a storm of bullets
drew;
They failed—I fired with silver—ha! she reeled; my aim
was true.

Then panic fell on all, and fast with bloody spur they fled,
Till they had set the Avon's flood betwixt them and the
dead.
And low we knelt in praise to Him whose arm, made bare
that day,
Scattered the foe like mountain mist that sunrise rends
away.

GRACE DARLING

HORACE G. GROSER

(*By special permission of the Author*)

LONELY and bleak, 'mid the seas that sunder
Their flowerless crags from the green north land,
Her islands shake to the surge and thunder
Of white waves racing to reach the strand.
Lonely and bare! but above them lightens
The memory fair of a shining deed,
And a spirit-presence the wild waste brightens,
Since Love went forth at the cry of Need.

Oft as the night of that drear September
Broods again over sea and shore,
Still shall our hearts with pride remember
How through the storm swift help she bore.
Still shall we see, in fancy's vision,
The brave little skiff from the lighthouse go,
And, clad in the strength of love's decision,
The girlish form to the oar bend low.

Still shall we see, in the dim grey dawning,
The drifting ship on the reef flung high;
Round her the hungry ocean yawning,
Over her stretched the hopeless sky.
Rings again through the wind-spray flying
The moan of terror, the shriek of fear;
Laugh the breakers, as if replying
With savage mirth to the cries they hear.

Out on the rocks they crouch and shiver,
The hapless few that have 'scaped the wave,
Scanning the waters with lips a-quiver,
Praying that God would send and save.

See, bright hope in their faces springing!
Lips are loosened—a cheer rings out!
Plunging, tossing, a boat comes bringing
Life for perishing, joy for doubt!

Over the white-crowned surges leaping,
Hither through blinding foam she wins—
Still for the rock her course she's keeping,
Still the spune from the oar-blade spins.
Saved, they crowd to the boats' frail shelter,
Eager helpers replacing now
The hands that drove through the sea's wild welter
With love-born ardour the tossing prow.

How can we speak her praise, or fashion
A tribute worthy the deathless deed?
Nay, that story of bold compassion
No memorial words shall need.
For, far and wide, girl hearts inherit
Her daring love, and in danger's hour
Shines out in a hundred deeds the spirit
Of that sweet maid of the lighthouse tower.

THE LAST BANQUET

EDWARD RENAUD

GITAUT, the Norman marquis, sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine gilded the castle wall;
While in through the open windows floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden and filling the lofty room;

And still, like a strain of music breathed in an undertone
The ripple of running water rose, with its sob and moan,

From the river, swift and narrow, far down in the vale
below,
That shone like a silver arrow shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars, lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city, red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music, the tall cathedral towers
Told to the panting people the story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper; under his baneful sway,
Peasant and maid and matron fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie, spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble, ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands, bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages, rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne* bearing their bleeding fruit.

Only one touch of feeling—hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshipped, dead in the days of
yore,
Now slept in the lonely chapel, hard by the river shore.

High on a painted panel, set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features, lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead, eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses, rivalled the sapphire's
hue.

"Why do you come, Breconi?"—"Marquis, you did not
call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder, down by the castle wall."

"Bid her begone!"—"But master—poor child, *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping, she told me a tale of woe.

"She says there is wild work yonder, there in the hated town,
Where the crowd of frenzied people are shooting the nobles down;
And to-night, ere the moon has risen, they come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle to light the lurid land.

"But first you must spread the banquet—host for the crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret they fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis, flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern safe in its friendly gloom!"

"Tush! are you mad, Breconi? spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruits and viands, silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi—and I will draw the wine!"

Slowly the sun went westward, till all the city's spires
Flamed in the flood of splendour—a hundred flickering fires.
Over the peaceful landscape, clasped by the girdling stream,
Quivered, in mournful glory, the last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er the solemn stillness laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city, and over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle, still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement, heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis knew that his time was come:
And he turned to the panelled picture—that answered his look again,
And beamed with a sigh of welcome—humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway, and up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent shouted in strident tone—
Curses and gibes and threat'nings, with snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury in many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling and calm and steadfast, towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume, facing the gibing host,
He wore on his broad blue ribbon the star of "The Holy Ghost."

"Welcome, fair guests—be seated!" he cried to the motley crowd,
That drew to the loaded table with curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome, the gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers, strung with their nerves of steel.

Turned to the panelled picture, calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage, cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—in his rich garments dressed—
As cold and hard and polished as the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker, he cried, "Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you! Pledge me my proudest day!

Here, under the hall of banquet—drink, drink to the festal news!—
Stand twenty casks of powder, set with a lighted fuse!"

Frozen with sudden horror, they saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage, the ruffles at his wrist.
Turned to the smiling picture, clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—"I drink to thee, *ma belle!*"

Down crashed the crystal goblet, flung on the marble floor:
Back rushed the stricken revellers—back to the close-barred door;
Up through its yawning crater the mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire up through its waves of smoke!

Out through the deep'ning darkness a wild, despairing cry
Rang, as the riven castle lighted the midnight sky;
Then down o'er the lurid landscape, lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress and roof and rafter—the smoking ruin fell!

. . . . . .

Over the Norman landscape the summer sun looks down,
Gilding the grey cathedral, gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river, lapped in its banks of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses over the peaceful scene;

But high o'er the trembling poplars, blackened and burned and riven,
Those blasted battlements and towers frown in the face of heaven;
And still in the sultry August I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis, keen as his rapier's steel!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

LONGFELLOW

OF Edenhall the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board.
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall:
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

A TALE OF THE LIFEBOAT

ROBERT BLATCHFORD

(*By special permission of the Author*)

ONE night in January, 1881, during a tremendous storm, a brig struck on the sunken reefs within the southern arm of Robin Hood's Bay. The crew got out the jolly boat, and made her fast with a rope to the mast of the wreck, All night long they fought with the waves, the people on shore being entirely ignorant of their calamity.

Early in the morning the quarter-board of the vessel, driven ashore, was seen by the coastguardsman, who gave the alarm, and it was then discovered that the brig had foundered during the night, and that the crew were still tossing about in their boat in the midst of a furious gale, a blinding snowstorm, and a heavy sea.

Now, at that time, the lifeboat at Robin Hood's Bay was old and unseaworthy. To put out in her was to incur swift and certain death. Neither could the brig's boat possibly make shore through the terrible breakers, even had her crew known the lay of the reefs, through which there are but two narrow channels where a boat can pass.

What was to be done? The good people of Robin Hood's Bay could not let the shipwrecked sailors drown before their eyes, and no ordinary boat could live in such a sea. There was but one chance—the telegraph. They wired to Whitby, requesting that the lifeboat might be sent at once. The Whitby men received this message after having been out five times during the night. They held a consultation.

The first suggestion was that the lifeboat should be towed round to Robin Hood's Bay, about ten miles, by a steam tug; but this was impossible, as no tug could weather such a storm as then was raging.

The next suggestion was to man the lifeboat and pull round. This was put to the vote, and unanimously negatived. With the ebb tide and the furious gale against them, no boat's crew in the world could have taken the boat to the wreck, even if there had been a hope of living in that tremendous storm. The brave men of Whitby looked at the great cauldron of the sea, where the swirling water and the shrieking spray and flying snow were blent in one great seething hell-broth, and shook their heads despairingly.

And all this time the crew of the foundered ship, cut off from all communication from the shore, were fighting their hopeless battle for life, looking to the land they could not reach, and praying for the aid that could not come. And then—then when all hope of going to the rescue by the sea had been abandoned, out spoke some hero of the Lifeboat Council on the Whitby beach, and said: "We will take her overland."

They would take the lifeboat overland! Do you realise the magnitude of the task? The heroic audacity of the idea. Between Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay there are six long miles of hilly country. A lifeboat is a huge and ponderous vessel. A terrific storm was raging. There was a hard frost, and the roads were deep with snow!

On the face of it, the project looked like madness. But there was a boat's crew of sailors hoping against hope amongst the breakers; and British fishermen, having made up their minds to do a thing, bring desperate courage to face desperate emergencies.

The men of Whitby would take their lifeboat overland! The rumour spread. The crowd increased. The enthusiasm began to blaze. Old men, women, and children —the fathers, mothers, wives, daughters, and sons of fishermen—came out into the storm. The coxswain led the way to the boathouse, which was waist-deep in water, and the approach to which was swept every minute by the furious

charges of the seas which rushed up the slip and over the pier.

Oh! it was a marvellous sight! The boat was dragged out. Ropes were made fast to it. A hundred, two hundred, three hundred men, seized the ropes; a great crowd followed, pushing the carriage or turning the wheels. Through the falling snow and crackling ice, the flying spume and spray, the lifeboat was dragged down the street and over the bridge. At the turn of the road a couple of horses were yoked on; a few yards up the hill a couple more; a few yards further a couple more; and so as the procession went were men and horses added to win the way against wind and weather. One mile out a couple of travellers met the party, vowed the enterprise was hopeless; told how the roads were one mass of ice and snow; how they themselves had left their traps and horses half buried in the drifts; to get to the bay, they said, was quite impossible.

Impossible! Whitby was aroused. Whitby had got its blood up, the blood of the Vikings, who feared neither steel, nor storm, nor fire! Impossible! Whitby laughed.

What, ho! A score of men! Two, three score of men there quickly, with axes and bars and shovels. We will see about this snow, we men of Whitby; we will go, though the skies should fall.

The men were there—a hundred men with spades and axes; a hundred more with ropes and lanterns. They hewed the ice and cut the snow from the track; they grew more fierce and resolute the greater grew the obstacles. At every hamlet, at every farm and cross-road they picked up volunteers. Farmers and carriers met them with their cattle. Soon they had thirty horses, and of men a regiment. They dragged the great boat by main force up the steep hills, and through the ruts and puddles. They hacked their way through drifts and hedges; they pulled up gates and broke down walls, and so, panting, straining, heaving

like giants, they hauled the lifeboat into the crowd at the top of the winding and abrupt declivity which leads to the beach of the bay.

Howl, demoniacal winds! rage, hungry waves, around the fainting seamen in their broken boat! The Vikings are upon you, the men who brought the lifeboat overland.

The steep road down on to the shore is a mass of ice; the horses cannot stand upon it; the seas break fiercely over the wall. The men of Robin's Bay come forward. They are Vikings, too. They lash the hind wheels of the carriage. They seize the ropes, the boat, the wheels, the sides, nine hundred lusty men, and they dash the thing down to the water with one mighty rush.

Then no time is lost. Swiftly the men of the crew are dressed, the boat is launched, and with a lurch and a plunge leaps bodily into the storm. But all is not yet over. The sea is something tremendous; the coast is a mass of hidden reefs; and in a few minutes the lifeboat is hurled back, beaten, to the shore, with all the oars on one side broken, and half the crew exhausted or disabled.

It is three hours now since the men of Whitby formed their grand and daring resolution. All that time the crew of the sunken vessel have been holding on in hopeless desperation, knowing nothing of the efforts made on their behalf; hearing nothing but the shrieks of the tempest, and the thunder of the waves; seeing nothing but the vast, dark hillsides of water, the misty loom of the land, and the baffling veil of eddying snowflakes, whirling, whirling.

Eight men of the lifeboat's crew are out of action; eight volunteers take their places. Eight oars are shattered; eight more are shipped from the damaged boat belonging to the bay. A pilot also, a fisherman of the village, goes aboard, and again the boat is rushed into the billows. Rescue or death these men will win. The boat must go, shall go; the blood of the Vikings is on fire; they would

in their present temper fetch their comrades ashore though hell itself should gape.

Out again into the mirk and fury. Out in the boat they have carried overland. Out under the eyes of all the gallant men and brave women of the village. Out in the teeth of the tempest, into the roaring, rolling black-green valleys of the shadow of death. Now rising on the crest of some huge roller, now hidden from sight in some fearful hissing pit, now hurled upon its beam ends by the sudden impact of a heavy sea, the Whitby boat fights its way towards the men who *shall* be rescued.

Not till the lifeboat was close upon them had those desperate clinging wretches any knowledge of the succour so heroically brought. Fainting with fatigue, perished with cold, still they hold on, stubborn, but hopeless. They cannot see the lifeboat, they cannot see the shore.

And now, now comes the glorious moment. We are upon them; we shall save them. No; they are giving way, they will be lost, and we within a hundred yards of them. The crisis is bitter in its intensity. The coxswain of the Whitby boat, Henry Freemen, turns to his crew, and in his great, deep voice cries, "Now, my lads, give them a rousing cheer;" and over the scream of the gale, and over the roar of the sea, and over the hiss of the brine, goes up the Vikings' shout, the shout of victory!

Oh, it was a glorious day! A strife of giants! a triumph of heroes! Imagine the delighted enthusiasm, the frantic excitement of the crowd when the shipwrecked crew were landed on that dangerous rocky shore, snatched from the very jaws of death—saved, saved to a man!—saved by the dauntless courage and magnificently heroic devotion of the fishermen of Whitby, who brought their lifeboat overland.

THE BENEDICTION

CLIFFORD HARRISON

(*From the French of* FRANÇOIS COPPÉE)

(*By special permission*)

IT was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends,—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Colouring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest,

And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certës, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed,—so blanched
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos Benedicat

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Levelled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed colour, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.
The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder, and at sight
Of such a martyr,—with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL

W. C. Bryant

Among our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat

On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal Mind
Who veils His glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-haired man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills,
And emerald wheat-field, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

"Well mayst thou join in gladness," he replied,
'With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green

Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listened, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
His barred sides with his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these revive the power
Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snowflakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly-running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images

Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."

Long since that white-haired ancient slept—but still,
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard-bough,
And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

LORD TENNYSON

In her ear he whispers gaily,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."

He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.

"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods about them blowing
Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers.
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;

Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And while now she wanders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank;
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.

Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd "Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

DORA

Lord Tennyson

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,

And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;

And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and the land was dark.

But when the morrow came she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home,
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung

From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:—

"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,
And all the man was broken with remorse;

And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

THE ART OF ANGLING

JEROME K. JEROME

(From *Three Men in a Boat, by special permission of the Author*)

I AM not a good fisherman myself. I devoted a considerable amount of attention to the subject at one time, and was getting on, as I thought, fairly well; but the old hands told me that I should never be any real good at it, and advised me to give it up. They said that I was an extremely neat thrower, and that I seemed to have plenty of gumption for the thing, and quite enough constitutional laziness. But I had not got sufficient imagination.

Some people are under the impression that all that is required to make a good fisherman is the ability to tell lies easily and without blushing; but this is a mistake. Mere bald fabrication is useless; the veriest tyro can manage that. It is in the circumstantial detail, the embellishing touches of probability, the general air of scrupulous—almost of pedantic—veracity, that the experienced angler is seen.

Anybody can come in and say, "Oh, I caught fifteen dozen perch yesterday evening;" or "Last Monday I

landed a gudgeon, weighing eighteen pounds, and measuring three feet from the tip to the tail."

There is no art, no skill, required for that sort of thing. It shows pluck, but that is all.

No; your accomplished angler would scorn to tell a lie, that way. His method is a study in itself.

He comes in quietly with his hat on, appropriates the most comfortable chair, lights his pipe, and commences to puff in silence. He lets the youngsters brag away for a while, and then, during a momentary lull, he removes the pipe from his mouth, and remarks, as he knocks the ashes out against the bars,—

"Well, I had a haul on Tuesday evening that it's not much good my telling anybody about."

"Oh! how's that?" they ask.

"Because I don't expect anybody would believe me if I did," replies the old fellow calmly, and without even a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as he refills his pipe.

"No," he continues thoughtfully; "I shouldn't believe it myself if anybody told it to me, but it's a fact, for all that. I had been sitting there all the afternoon and had caught literally nothing—except a few dozen small 'uns; and I was just about giving it up as a bad job, when I suddenly felt a rather smart pull at the line. I thought it was another little one, and I went to jerk it up. Hang me, if I could move the rod! It took me half an hour—half an hour, sir!—to land that fish; and every moment I thought the line was going to snap! I reached him at last, and what do you think it was? A sturgeon! a forty-pound sturgeon! taken on line, sir! Yes, you may well look surprised—I'll have another three of Scotch, landlord, please."

And then he goes on to tell of the astonishment of everybody who saw it; and what his wife said, when he got home, and of what Joe Buggles thought about it.

I asked the landlord of an inn up the river once, if it did not injure him, sometimes, listening to the tales that the fishermen about there told him; and he said,—

"Oh, no; not now, sir. It did used to knock me over a bit at first, but, lor' love you! me and the missus we listens to 'em all day now. It's what you're used to, you know. It's what you're used to."

I knew a young man once—he was a most conscientious fellow—and when he took to fly-fishing, he determined never to exaggerate his hauls by more than twenty-five per cent.

"When I have caught forty fish," said he, "then I will tell people that I have caught fifty, and so on. But I will not lie any more than that, because it is sinful to lie."

But the twenty-five-per-cent. plan did not work well at all. He never was able to use it. The greatest number of fish he ever caught in one day was three, and you can't add twenty-five per cent. to three—at least, not in fish.

So, he made one final arrangement with himself, which he has held to ever since, and that was to count each fish that he caught as ten, and to assume ten to begin with. For example, if he did not catch any fish at all, then he said he had caught ten fish—you could never catch less than ten fish by his system; that was the foundation of it. Then if by any chance he really did catch one fish, he called it twenty; while two fish would count thirty, three forty, and so on.

It is a simple and easily worked plan, and there has been some talk lately of its being made use of by the angling fraternity in general. Indeed, the Anglers' Association did recommend its adoption about two years ago, but some of the older members opposed it. They said they would consider the idea if the number were doubled, and each fish counted as twenty.

If ever you have an evening to spare, up the river, I

should advise you to drop into one of the little village inns and take a seat in the tap-room. You will be nearly sure to meet one or two old rod-men, sipping their toddy there, and they will tell you enough fishy stories, in half an hour, to give you indigestion for a month.

George and I went for a walk to Wallingford on the second evening, and, coming home, we called in at a little river-side inn, for a rest, and other things.

We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally began chatting.

He told us that it had been a fine day to-day, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day to-morrow.

After that it came out, somehow or other, that we were strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass case, fixed very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, "fine fellow that, ain't he?"

"Quite uncommon," I murmured; and George asked the old man how much he thought it weighed.

"Eighteen pounds six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. "Yes," he continued, "it wur sixteen year ago, come the third o' next month, that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me he wur in the river, and I said I'd have him out, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

And out he went, and left us alone.

We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it, when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn, came to the door of the room with a pot of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish.

"Good-sized trout, that," said George, turning round to him.

"Ah! you may well say that, sir," replied the man: and then, after a pull at his beer, he added, "Maybe you wasn't here, sir, when that fish was caught?"

"No," we told him. We were strangers in the neighbourhood.

"Ah!" said the carrier, "then, of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout."

"Oh! was it you who caught it, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock—leastways, what was the lock then—one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike-fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me aback. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pound. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

Five minutes afterwards, a third man came in, and described how *he* had caught it early one morning, with bleak; and then he left, and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down over by the window.

None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the new-comer and said,—

"I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we—perfect strangers in the neighbourhood—are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much

obliged if you would tell us how *you* caught that trout up there."

"Why, who told you I caught that trout?" was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

"Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable," answered the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right. I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that! Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing."

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went in *his* turn, and when he was gone the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused, and we all laughed very heartily.

"Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that *they* had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that *is* good," said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it *me*, to put up in *my* parlour, if *they* had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill, but by that unaccountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree.

He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his schoolmaster had said it was worth the rule-of-three and practice put together.

He was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it.

It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it.

And then the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on top of it.

"You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried in alarm, rushing up.

"I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about.

But he had. That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments—I say a thousand, but they may have only been nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that.

And so it would have been strange and unaccountable, if it had been a stuffed trout, but it was not.

That trout was plaster-of-Paris.

SCREAMING TARN

ROBERT BRIDGES

(From *Poems* (Smith, Elder & Co.) *by special permission of the Author*)

THE saddest place that e'er I saw
Is the deep Tarn above the inn
That crowns the mountain road, whereby
One southward bound his way must win.

Sunk on the table of the ridge
From its deep shores is nought to see :
The unresting wind lashes and chills
Its shivering ripples ceaselessly.

Three sides 'tis banked with stones aslant,
And down the fourth the rushes grow,
And yellow sedge fringing the edge
With lengthen'd image all arow.

'Tis square and black, and on its face
When noon is still, the mirrow'd sky
Looks dark and further from the earth
Than when you gaze at it on high.

At mid of night, if one be there,
So say the people of the hill—
A fearful shriek of death is heard,
One sudden scream both loud and shrill.

And some have seen on stilly nights,
And when the moon was clear and round,
Bubbles which to the surface swam
And burst as if they held the sound.

'Twas in the days when hapless Charles
Losing his crown had lost his head,
This tale is told of him who kept
The inn upon the watershed :

He was a low-bred ruin'd man
Whom lawless times set free from fear :
One evening to his house there rode
A young and gentle cavalier.

With curling hair and linen fair
And jewel-hilted sword he went;
The horse he rode he had ridden far
And he was with his journey spent.

He asked a lodging for the night,
His valise from his steed unbound,
He let none bear it but himself
And set it by him on the ground.

"Here's gold or jewels," thought the host,
"That's carrying south to find the king."
He chattered many a loyal word,
And scraps of royal airs 'gan sing.

His guest thereat grew more at ease,
And o'er his wine he gave a toast,
But little ate, and to his room
Carried his sack behind the host.

"Now rest you well," the host he said,
But of his wish the word fell wide;
Nor did he now forget his son
Who fell in fight by Cromwell's side.

Revenge and poverty have brought
Full gentler heart than his to crime;
And he was one by nature rude,
Born to foul deeds at any time.

With unshod feet at dead of night
In stealth he to the guest-room crept,
Lantern and dagger in his hand,
And stabbed his victim while he slept.

But as he struck a scream there came
A fearful scream so loud and shrill;
He whelm'd the face with pillows o'er,
And lean'd till all had long been still.

Then to the face the flame he held
To see there should no life remain :—
When lo! his brutal heart was quell'd :
'Twas a fair woman he had slain.

The tan upon her face was paint,
The manly hair was torn away,
Soft was the breast that he had pierced;
Beautiful in death she lay.

His was no heart to faint at crime,
Tho' half he wished the deed undone,
He pulled the valise from the bed
To find what booty he had won.

He cut the straps, and pushed within
His murderous fingers to the theft.
A deadly sweat came o'er his brow,
He had no sense or meaning left.

He touched not gold, it was not cold,
It was not hard, it felt like flesh.
He drew out by the curling hair
A young man's head and murder'd fresh;

A young man's head, cut by the neck.
But what was dreader still to see,
Her whom he had slain he saw again,
The twain were like, as like can be.

Brother and sister if they were,
Both in one shroud they now were wound,—
Across his back and down the stair,
Out of the house without a sound.

He made his way unto the Tarn,
The night was dark and still and dank;
The ripple chuckling 'neath the boat
Laughed as he drew it to the bank.

Upon the bottom of the boat
He laid his burden flat and low,
And on them laid the square sandstones
That round about the margin go.

Stone upon stone he weight'd them down,
Until the boat would hold no more;
The free board now was scarce an inch:
He stripped his clothes and pushed from shore.

All naked to the middle pool
He swam behind in the dark night;
And there he let the water in
And sank his terror out of sight.

He swam ashore, and donn'd his dress,
And scraped his bloody fingers clean;
Ran home and on his victim's steed
Mounted, and never more was seen.

But to a comrade e'er he died
He told his story guess'd of none:
So from his lips the crime returned
To haunt the spot where it was done.

THE REVEILLE

BRET HARTE

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come:
Ere your heritage be worsted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who will stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days will come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come:
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered "Come:
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

What if, "mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and dumb?"

But the drum
Answered, "Come:
Better there in death united, than in life a
recreant,—Come:"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, Come:"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb.
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
"Lord, we come!"

THE KING'S LAST VIGIL

LADY LINDSAY

(From *The King's Last Vigil and Other Poems* (Messrs Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.), *by special permission of* Lady Lindsay)

THE Autumn mists upon the land
Were greyly sad, low-lying;
And down the vale the people's moan,
Like wind through reeds, was sighing,
For in his marble palace hall
Their great king lay a-dying.

Wise had he been and long of reign;
Beneath his worthy sway
The country which he ruled was blest,
More prosperous day by day;
The very slaves grew glad—but now
The king a-dying lay.

About his silken canopy
The courtiers closely press'd,
And grizzled comrades, who, full oft,
Had met the foe at breast
Led on by him, now sobbed unshamed
As weakly as the rest.

Yet spake he nought. He turned his face
Toward the darkening wall.
Pain lulled, but one sharp-bladed thought
Held heart and soul in thrall;
His quivering senses sank, and fear
Closed o'er him like a pall.

What! had he met grim Death in field,
Times countless, undismayed,
And thrown the gauntlet of hot youth,
Now for old age, afraid,
To shrink back shuddering like a child
That's frightened of a shade?

At length he bade all leave him. Ne'er
Could he a rebel brook;
Dead was he scarce; this was his will—
To be by all forsook.
Each sadly went, but, as he pass'd,
Gazed back with loving look.

Then did the lone king, as a sword,
Take up in failing hand
The strength that once was his, which now
Dropt from his grasp like sand;
Alone he wrestled with gaunt fear,
By that fear still unmann'd.

He sank back on his agate couch,
His brows cold, wan, and wet.
No help was nigh, and he, by Death
More cruelly beset,

For quarter cried no more, but lay
  Quite still, and fainter yet.

Silent the room was, drear, and chill,
  With twilight filling fast,
But on a sudden that great fear
  From the king's soul quick pass'd;
'Twas as a garment which his soul
  From its nude form had cast.

A presence stood beside his bed,
  A presence of sweet birth:
Our Lord the Christ—in robes of white,
  As when He walked the earth—
Whose smile divine holds Life and Death,
  Alike, of transient worth.

Then mildly Christ spake: "Follow Me,"
  And silent rose the king,
And, without fear, left bed and hall.
  And passed out marvelling
The busy streets were crowded full—
  It seemed a wondrous thing.

Beyond the palace, down the hill,
  And out the city gate;
(Strange that no man should bar the way
  With speech importunate!)
The church-bells softly tolled the while.
  The Lord for naught did wait.

On went the shining figure, on
  By sentries unobserved;
So eke the king, with hasting step
  And strength that never swerved.
Familiar lay the road—straight marked,
  And line of forest curved.

Behind them paled the frowning walls,
The very town grew dim;
Still He that led the way kept on,
The other followed Him;
At length they reached an unknown space,
A broad green meadow's rim.

There in the mead among the grass
Most lovely flowers grew,
Beauteous in shape, in perfume steep'd,
Transcendent fair of hue;
There amaranth and asphodel
In deathless garland blew.

There stayed the Lord, and said and smiled:
"These flow'rs that thou dost see,
Each is an action good or kind,
My servant, done for Me,
While thou for a short space on earth
Wast chosen king to be."

But, as the king looked, bursting tears
From his worn eyes down ran,
And deep emotion shook his heart.
Alas! in mortal span,
How less had he achieved of good
Than any other man!

Yet bent the Lord, and gently pluck'd
From mossy green retreat
One tiny blossom hid by leaves,
One blossom at His feet,
And in His bosom placed He it—
That blossom pure and sweet.

Whilst, one by one, the meek king knew
His deeds of bygone days;

Some, now least fair, which earned of yore
  Loud songs of fulsome praise,
Some which no pæans graced, unshrined,
  Bright now as sunlight rays;

And, most of all divinely blest
  The Christ's touch to have won,
Yon flower, a puny secret act,
  Guessed, chronicled by none!
Well he recalled how hard the fight,
  For right's sake, had been done!

So great a fight, so small a thing!
  He cast him on his knees,
Shamed that it were such sacrifice
  The dear Lord Christ to please,
And grievous tears which blurred his sight
  Hid the sweet flowers and leas.

The figure of his Lord grew dim:
  He would have clasped it fain.
He stretched his hands, and groped, and sought,
  But stretched them all in vain:
The fields were empty, and he cried
  With an exceeding pain.

But lo! a mystic voice uprose
  Out from the windless west:
"My son, if one poor act of thine
  Before thy God be blest,
Surely this trembling faith thou own'st
  On His great strength may rest."

So stood the king, glad-browed. All fear
  Lost in new joy, he gazed
Above, for dawn was breaking clear,
  And blinding mists were raised.

With yearning lips deliverèd
The Lord's high name he praised.

And, turning, saw where far behind—
A huge cloud, fold on fold—
Lay the gloomy vale of the shades of Death
With its rivers around it rolled.
Before him blossomed the heavenly plain,
In glory of pearl and gold.

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES

LUSHINGTON

DEADLY road to deadly toil—thickly strewn with dead,
Noonday sun and midnight oil light the soldiers' tread.
"In the Trenches deep and cold, if I cannot save
England's glory, be it told—there I dug my grave!"
Faint the hero's voice and low—marching through the snow!

"Leave me, comrades! here I drop: on, my captain, on!
All are wanted—none should stop; duty must be done:
Those whose guard you take will find me, as they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and, staggering, fell amid the snow:
While ever on the dreary Heights, down came the snow!

"Men, it must be as he asks: duty must be done:
Far too few for half our tasks, we can spare not one!
Wrap him in this—I need it less: soon the guard shall know:
Mark the place—yon stunted larch. Forward!" On they go!
And silent, on their silent march, down sank the snow!

O'er his features, as he lies, calms the wrench of pain:
Close, faint eyes: pass, cruel skies—freezing mountain-plain:
With far soft sounds the stillness teems—church-bells—voices low,—

Passing into home-born dreams—there, amid the snow:
And darkening, thickening, o'er the Heights, down fell the snow!

Looking—looking for the mark, now his comrades came;
Struggling through the snow-drifts stark, calling out his name:
"Here? or there? The drifts are deep. Have we pass'd him?"... No!
Look, a little growing heap,—snow above the snow—
Where heavy, on his heavy sleep, down fell the snow!

Strong hands raised him—voices strong spoke within his ears;
But his dreams had softer tongue:—neither now he hears!
One more gone, for England's sake, where so many go—
Lying down without complaint—dying in the snow!
Starving, striving for her sake—dying in the snow!

Daily toil—untended pain—danger ever by:—
Ah! how many here have lain down, like you, to die!
Simply done your soldier's part, through long months of woe;
All endured with soldier-heart—battle, famine, snow!
Noble, nameless, patriot heart—snow-cold in snow!

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

CLIFFORD HARRISON

(From *In Hours of Leisure, by permission of the Author and of* Messrs Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)

ON in the snow—on in the snow—
Blinded and numbed, the soldiers go.
Frost-bitten fingers, stiff with cold,
Seem frozen to the gun they hold.
The icicles hang on beard and hair;
The breath like smoke goes out in the air:

Till reason and thought begin to wane,
And only the dull, blind sense of pain,
And the instinct of Duty till Death, remains.
On in the snow—on in the snow—
The cruel, drifting, deadly snow,—
They march in silence, with muffled tread:
Till one of them stumbles,—and drops behind, dead!
And the others shudder, and glance around—
For they hear, growing nearer, an ominous sound
In the woods—the dismal howl
Of the wolves that after them stealthily prowl.
By open waste—by dreary wood—
By rivers black and frozen flood—
On in the snow—on in the snow—
Ever, with thinning ranks, they go.

The Prince Emilius looked on his band,
And his heart seemed like to break.
These were the men, who, for his sake,
Had left their Fatherland,
A thousand men in all,
To follow his bugle-call,
Three months before!—a thousand men—
And of that thousand now he counted ten!

"Halt!" cried the Prince. The spectral band
Stood still awaiting his command.
"My men—it is best we face the truth.
We shall not leave this place.
The end has come—God knoweth best,
To live we must have rest—to rest
Is death. Together let us die.
See! Yonder empty hut close by—
Thither let us repair—and sleep.
Our slumber will be long and deep!
'Tis worse than useless, further strife!

You well have borne your part in life:
Bear it in death as well. On high
Perchance I'll rise to testify
To your unflinching loyalty.
My brothers! Though we lay us down
Defeated, and without renown,
There we shall wear the Victor's crown."
Silent they stood, and silently they heard,
They could not answer: none could speak a word.
But when, "Is it agreed?" Emilius said,
Each man looked up at him, and bowed the head.
The Prince Emilius went to every man,
Slim youth, or stern-browed veteran,
And kissed him, holding fast his hand:
He dare not speak lest he should be unmanned.
So, moving toward the hut, he pushed the door
Open; then, looking on them all once more,
He flung himself upon the cold earth floor.
He heard the soldiers pause outside the hut,—
They came in slowly,—then the door was shut—
And all grew still and dark as death.
Soon as they heard the deep drawn breath
Which told them Prince Emilius slept
(For they a wakeful watch had kept),
They all rose up, and softly crept
Up towards the sleeping man.
Each began to strip off coat and cloak: this done,
They placed them lightly, one by one,
Upon the young Prince lying there.
Till of their own warm clothes they made
A covering that might frost defy.
Then they crept out, all silently:
And, in the snow, beneath that freezing sky,—
Some, hand in hand,—all clustered near the door—
They laid them down, and slept—to wake no more.

The long still hours of sleep,
Silence, and darkness deep,
Seemed frozen into endless night.
Over the sky a cold sad light
Had turned the world to death-like gray,
When the Prince woke. Another day!
Is it a dream? He looks around.
Alone! He calls—no answer—not a sound!
How has he lived through all the night?
And how withstood the deadly blight
Of frost as he lay there asleep.
What's this? He lies beneath a heap
Of cloaks and coats! In heart and limb
He feels new life. His senses swim,—
A sudden light breaks in on him;
He struggles up from off the floor;
He staggers quickly toward the door—
He bursts it open—rushes out—and lo!
The men, half naked, in the shroud-like snow.
In one swift glance he reads the truth, and then
The cry goes up,—"My men! my faithful men!"
Faithful, and not in vain.
French soldiers, ere the hour was gone,
Came past, and with them he went on.
For him thus saved the years to come
Brought light and honour without stain;
And shouts of welcome brought him home
In triumph to his own again.

Yet oft, in golden summer-time,
In his own Rhineland, when his ears
Would catch the well-remembered chime
Of bells he knew in boyhood's years;
His eyes would fill with sudden tears,
And he would see that hut that stood

Deep in the rugged Russian wood;
And, by the hut One, all in white,
Who slowly o'er the earth would bend
And write upon the shroud-like snow—
"For greater love no man can show
Than lay his life down for his friend."

"ONE MORE"

AN OLD SKIPPER'S STORY

ROBERT OVERTON

(From *Character Sketches* (Dean & Son) *by special permission of the Author*)

I KNOWED puffectly well all along that he were after something of the sort. It began by him a-seeing of her home one night from a concert. What there is in these here new-fangled concerts I can't see; none of yer squalling, screechy haltoes and tenners and falsetterses for me. Give me a good roaring old chorus, with everybody a-clinking their glasses, and where it don't signify what toone you likes to work in—the more the merrier. But, as I said, it began along of one of these concerts. Katie—that's my daughter; and a pretty, well-fitted, trim-built little craft as ever I see, tho' I says it—had been to sing one of her songs—the "Old Gray Robin" I think they call it—no; "Old Robin Gray," that's it—and just on account of it a-coming on to rain a bit, he must conwoy her into harbour. I 'eerd the knock, and I went to the door myself.

"Oh, thank you, papa dear," says Katie, giving me a kiss and a hug, "this is Mr Charlie Hall, who has been so kind as to see me home."

"Good evening, Captain Quarters," he says, a-'ailing me.

"Good evernin', Mr 'All," I says, a-'ailin' him back.

"I daresay my daughter," I says, "could have fetched port all right without none of your conwoy," I says; "but as you *are* here," I says, very polite, "cast anchor for a spell," I says.

"Do you mean come in?" he asks, laughing.

I'd been having a glass of grog, or maybe five or six, whilst I was waiting for Katie to come in; and I see Katie up with the tray and put everything in the cupboard soon as we got in the room.

That was always the one weak point in that girl's character. Soon as ever I give up the sea and settled ashore to watch over her, which was when her mother went on the last cruise of all, poor lass!—that wench began a-limitin' my grog. She wasn't nasty about it; but, when she thought I'd had enough, off went the tray; and, if I said I wanted some more, she used to come and kiss me, and say—"I don't think you do, papa dear, do you?" and somehow I never did want no more then.

Well, just as we all three got settled round the fire that evernin'—Katie by the table and me and young 'All, one to port and t'other to starb'd of the coals—I fills up my pipe and hands over another long clay to him, along of some nice black tobaccy. He fills his pipe, but, as to smokin' it—well, he puffed and gasped and coughed, and grew black and green and blue in the face; and at last he said he remembered he had promised his widdered mother never to smoke cavendish.

"He's a milksop," I says to myself. Not that he were a bad-looking sort of lubber. He stood somewhere about six feet, and had a fine navy-blue sort of a heye, and a figurehead as was neat and smart.

Soon I wanted another glass of grog—wanted it bad. Of course if young 'All had a glass, I should be forced to drink one with him, so, when Katie wasn't looking, I says in a 'usky voice, "Awast!" I says.

"What's the matter, Captain?" he says.

I jerks my thumb to Katie, and winks very deep and artful, thinking he'd understand what I was driving at. Then I says, "Katie, my dear, I think Mr 'All would like a drop of grog!" But I fancy that artful girl must have give him a look, for I'm blowed if he did'nt say, "No, Captain, thanks—I'm a—sort of teetotaler!"

"He's a lubberly, chicken-hearted milksop," I says; and I set my face agin him from that very first evernin'.

The excuses that young man made for a-coming to my house after that was something awful; and by-and-bye I noticed Katie and him was a outrageous long time in sayin' "good-bye" at the front door. I says so to her one night, and she says, "I'm afraid there is a swelling in the wood in that front door, papa—it doesn't shut at all easy!"

I must say that when young 'All put the matter to me it were done shipshape and proper.

"Captain," he says, "I love her; I'm a-getting on very well, and have you any objection to our being engaged?"

"What are yer?" I says.

"I'm something in the City," he answers.

"Werry good," I says; "I must have a court-martial on this here matter," I says; "ring that bell."

He rings the bell, and in comes our little servant girl.

"I want Miss Katie," I says, "and some rum and hot water."

When Katie come in, looking so sweet and timid and bashful, I thought of her mother—the poor dead lass I loved so deep and tender—and I only says to 'em as they stood afore me, "I sha'n't have no engagement," I says; "I can't spare my little girl till I've seen more of the man who wants to take her from me, but you can come here, mate, occasional," I says to young 'All, "only I sha'n't have no engagement just yet."

But I'm afraid they didn't quite catch hold of my meaning, for that night I stepped into the passage to look after that swelling of the wood, and I 'eerd what young 'All said. He says to her, says he, "*One More!*" he says.

And after that, he come in occasional *every night*, and the swelling of the wood in the front door got worse and worser.

One morning at breakfast I made a remark that the postman was very late in passing. "He's got caught in a squall, I expect," says I, "or got throwed on his beam ends by the ice."

"Why, don't you know, papa," says Katie, "this is Valentine's Day, and of course the poor postman has such a lot of letters to deliver, he's sure to be a little late. I expect a letter myself this morning," she says.

"Who from?" I asks.

"Have another egg, papa dear," she answers.

Sure enough there come a valentine for Katie from the young man she were not engaged to. It was a hijeous thing—a lot of flowers and verses; and a lubber with a torch, as Katie said were a hymen, standing by ready to set fire to the whole lot; and at the top was a Cupid, in the most undelicatest clothes I ever see. He wore nothing but a bow and harrer.

"Isn't it lovely?" says Katie. "Oh! pa, isn't it lovely?"

"No," I says. "I don't see no sense in sending a thing like that; and that Cupid," I says, "ought to be ashamed of hisself. Now, there'd a-been some sense," I says, "if he'd sent you say the picture of a ship, with you and him a-stepping on board, saloon passengers, passage paid; and a picture of me at the top as a gardening hangel, a-superintending everything. But understand me," I says, "in proper clothes, not to catch my death of cold like that undelicate Cupid."

I remember that day well, because that was the time I had a row with Charlie 'All, and forbid him the house.

We was sitting together in the parlour that night, Katie away getting supper ready. All of a sudden he says, "Captain, what made you so awfully bald?"

Now, I never liked his laughing, ridiculing ways; and I answers very short,—

"Dooty."

"How do you mean?" he says.

"We was in the China seas, one time when I was on board the *Morton Bay*."

"Yes," he says; "go on."

"We was attacked by pirates," I says; "and the Captain ordered me to stand forrard, and never to leave a certain spot on deck till he gave me leave. They carried cannon, them pirates did, and they opened fire at me."

"You didn't move?" he says.

"Not a inch," I answers; "but a cannon ball hit me on the port side of the head."

"You never stirred?"

"Not a inch," I says again; "only the cannon ball carried off all the hair that side. I think them pirates got the range after that shot," I says.

"Why?" asks young 'All.

"Because there come a second ball and hit me on the starb'd side of the head and carried off all the hair that side."

We didn't talk no more for a spell, and then he says, very serious, "And how did you lose the top?"

"I was afraid there'd come a third ball," I says, "and the top came off in the fright."

I got up to leave soon after that: and just as I got in the passage, when he thought I'd closed the door, I 'eerd him say, "The bald-headed old impostor!" laughing to himself as he said it.

Now to be called a impostor would have been bad enough; to be called a old impostor was worse; and to be called by such a epitaph as a bald-headed old impostor was unbearable.

I turned round into the room again, and there was a awful row. One word led to another; and at last I told him never to come aboard my house no more. And I says, "Don't send no more of your valentines here," I says, "with undelicate Cupids, to my daughter, as have been brought up stric' religious!" He tried to calm me down, but it was no use.

"May I see Katie before I go?" he says.

"No."

Then he turned to the door, flung it open, and walked away with never a word.

I never knew properly how it happened; but I did find out afterwards that he met Katie and asked her to marry him right off. She wouldn't leave me like that, stupid and cruel as I was; and then young 'All threatened to go away and enlist for a soldier. She clung to him and begged him to stand by till the storm went down; but he was mad with love, I suppose, for he swore she didn't care for him; and in his love and anger, he kept his word, and he left her and enlisted.

Almost before we knowed what he'd done, his regiment was ordered off—ordered to the Crimea, and away he went.

It was bad weather in our little home after that. I wouldn't own to being wrong; but in my heart I knowed I was; and I used to sit lonely, night after night, smokin' an' thinkin' — thinkin' about young 'All, with his neat, shapely figurehead, and bright eyes and fair hair, and straight body—thinkin' of him away in the dreadful trenches, with the bitter snow falling on the livin', and the dyin', and the dead.

The weeks passed slowly away and we got no news from Charlie or of him, till one night Katie come into the room with an open letter in her hand; and all the light had gone from her winsome eyes and her pretty face as she sank with a low cry at my feet, and hid her head upon my knees. I took the paper from her poor little fluttering trembling hand. It was a letter from the Captain of Charlie's company, dated "Before Sebastopol."

This is a part of it: "A fierce attack was made by the Russians last night upon our trenches. The night was bitterly cold and very dark, and snow was falling thickly when the attack was commenced. The enemy crept on us through the darkness and the snow, so silently, that we had very short notice. The fighting was very desperate, and we were almost driven out. Suddenly the Russians made a steady stand, and renewed the attack. One of the enemy disarmed me; my sword was lying broken at my feet; he had seized me by the throat. I was powerless in his grasp, and his sword was raised high for my death-stroke, when suddenly a soldier of my company, already sorely wounded, staggered up to us, and deliberately threw himself between my bared head and the Russian blade, and the stroke intended for me fell upon his own noble and gallant head. We fell together; I staggered to my feet, and help arriving, the Russian fled. . . . The dawn was just breaking when I knelt beside the man whose heroic devotion had saved my life. He was lying in the snow, holy with his own brave blood, a ray of the rising sun shining round his head like a halo of glory. He spoke only once as I raised him into the litter which bore him to the hospital, and the few words that my gallant comrade, Charles Hall, uttered bade me write to you . . . . "

An awful mist was in my eyes, and I could read no more. Then Katie put her hand into her bosom and drew out a paper, and she pointed, still without a word, but with still

an awful look upon her face, to a list of soldiers' deaths, and the first name I see was Charles Hall.

Days and weeks passed by—I can't bear to think of that time, much less to speak about it—and one night (I remember it same as though 'twas five minutes ago) I 'eerd a step. Katie 'eerd it too, and for a moment a bright colour leaped into her face, and a light into her eye, but only for a moment, to leave her paler than before. P'r'aps you'll guess what's coming, the old tale of a mistake, and miscarried letters, for our brave boy had recovered from that awful blow. Katie goes to the door—I hears the click of the lock, and then one long, loud scream.

"Charlie!"

I burst into the passage, and there, fainting, was Katie, clasped tight and close in the arms of young 'All.

I've always believed as that sight sent me for a few minutes clean out of my mind. I tore back into the parlour like a raving luniac, mistook the cat for a lump o' coal and jammed her on top of the fire, and couldn't make out what she was yowling about, till our little servant come flying into the room like a Yankee schooner before the wind. I took hold of her, and give her a roaring kiss, not knowing what I was doing, and shouted "Fire!"

I needn't tell you what the end was. When, looking so grand in his serjeant-major's uniform, with the medals on his great big chest, Charlie took my little Katie to church, her looking so fair and beautiful in her white bride's dress, with the orange blossoms round her head, my heart was near to burstin' with joy and pride and thankfulness.

When it come to my part in the service to give a answer out loud, my feelings overcome me, though they'd been laying it into me for weeks past as I must be very careful to say nothing except the few words in the parson's log-book, and Katie had locked up all the grog since the night afore. The parson asked very solemn who give her away?

"I do, mate," I says; "and I'll be scuttled if I could give her to a better man!"

When Charlie left the army, and Katie and him settled down here, I come to end my days along of 'em, and along of the dear little children, the little Katies and the little serjeant-majors who keep on a-comin' to town. God bless 'em! Bless the little voices that is such sweet music to my old ears! the little hands that stroke my face, and the little soft lips that kiss my rough cheeks. I say God bless my children's little children!"

"Well, nurse?"

"Which I begs your parding, Capting; but which if you'll please open this little bundle, you'll see what 'ave just arrove, and which, if you please, Capting, it's—*One More.*"

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(*Abridged*)

(From *Selected Poems National and Non-Oriental* (Trübner & Co.), *by special permission of the Author*)

HIGH on a throne of ivory and gold, from crown to foot-stool clad in purple fold, Lord of the East from sea to distant sea—the King, Belshazzar, feasteth royally: vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold, blush with a brighter red than all they hold; pendulous lamps, like planets of the night, fling on the diadems a fragrant light. No lack of goodly company was there, no lack of laughing eyes to light the cheer.

It seemed, no summer-cloud of passing woe could fling its shadow on so fair a show; it seemed the gallant forms that feasted there were all too high for woe, too great for

care. Whence then the anxious eye, the altered tone, the dull presentiment no heart would own? It is not that they know the spoiler waits, harnessed for battle, at the brazen gates; it is not that they hear the watchman's call mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall: the clash of quivers and the ring of spears make pleasant music in a soldier's ears; and not a scabbard hideth sword to-night, that hath not glimmered in the front of fight.—May not the blood in every beating vein have quick foreknowledge of some coming pain? even as the prisoned silver, dead and dumb, shrinks at cold Winter's footfall ere he come.

The King is troubled, and his heart's unrest heaves the broad purple of his belted breast: sudden he speaks—"What! doth the beaded juice savour like hyssop, that ye scorn its use? wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul that tramp of foeman scares ye from the bowl? Think ye the gods, on yonder starry floor, tremble for terror when the thunders roar? Are we not gods? have we not fought with God? and shall we shiver at a robber's nod? No!—let them batter till the brazen bars ring merry mocking of their idle wars; their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun; the lion rouses when his feast is done:—crown me a cup—and fill the bowls we brought from Judah's temple when the fight was fought:—drink, till the merry madness fills the soul, to Salem's conqueror, in Salem's bowl!"

His eager lips are on the jewelled brink—hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink? is there a spell upon the sparkling gold, that so his fevered fingers quit their hold? Whom sees he where he gazes? What is there—freezing his vision into fearful stare? . . .

There cometh forth a Hand!—upon the stone graving the symbols of a speech unknown; fingers like mortal fingers!—leaving there on the blank wall flashing characters of fear;—and still it glideth silently and slow, and still beneath the spectral letters grow!—now, the scroll endeth

—now, the seal is set—the Hand is gone!—the record tarries yet.

With wand of ebony and sable stole, Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll: strong in the lessons of a lying art, each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart; and still, for mystic sign and muttered spell, the graven letters guard their secret well; gleam they for warning?—glare they to condemn?—God speaketh,—but He speaketh not for them.

Oh! ever; when the happy laugh is dumb, all the joy gone, and all the anguish come;—when strong adversity and subtle pain wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain;—when friends once faithful, hearts once all our own, leave us to weep, to bleed, and die alone;—when fears and cares the lonely thought employ, and clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy;—when weary life, breathing reluctant breath, hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death;—then, the best counsel and the best relief to cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,—the only calm, the only comfort heard, comes in the music of a Woman's word:—like beacon-bell, on some wild island-shore, silvery ringing in the tempest's roar, whose sound, borne shipward through the midnight gloom, tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

So, in the silence of that awful hour, when baffled magic mourned its parted power—when Kings were pale and Satraps shook for fear—a Woman speaketh—and the wisest hear. She—the high daughter of a thousand thrones, telling, with trembling lip and timid tones, of him—the Captive,—in the feast forgot, who readeth visions—him, whose wondrous lot sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom, and gaze undazzled on the days to come—Daniel the Hebrew,—such his name and race, held by a monarch highest in his grace, he may declare—oh!—bid them quickly send!—so may the mystery have happy end!

Calmly and silent—as the fair full moon comes sailing upward in the sky of June—so through the hall the Prophet passed along, so from before him fell the festal throng. His lip was steady and his accent clear, "The King hath needed me, and I am here."

"Art thou the Prophet? read me yonder scroll whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul:—there shall be guerdon for the grateful task, fitted for me to give, for thee to ask;—a chain to deck thee, and a robe to grace,—thine the third throne, and thou the third in place."

"Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold—what God hath graved, God's Prophet shall unfold! Could not thy father's crime, thy father's fate, teach thee this terror thou hast learnt too late? Hast thou not read the lesson of his life, 'Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife?' Ay! when his heart was hard, his spirit high, God drove him from his kingly majesty, far from the brotherhood of fellow-men, to seek for dwelling in the desert den; where bitter-biting frost and dews of night schooled him in sorrow, till he knew the right—that God is Ruler of the rulers still, and setting up as sovereign whom He will. Oh! hadst thou treasured, in repentant breast, thy father's pride, fall, penitence and rest, and bowed submissive to Jehovah's will, then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still. But thou hast mocked the majesty of Heaven, and shamed the vessels to its service given; and thou hast fashioned idols of thine own—idols of gold, of silver and of stone: to them hast bowed the knee, and breathed the breath, and they must help thee in the hour of death. Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot! God was among ye, and ye knew it not! Hear what He writeth there:—'Thy race is run; thy years are numbered, and thy days are done: thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate; the Lord hath weighed thee, and thou lackest weight! Now, in thy palace-porch, the spoiler stands, to seize thy sceptre, to divide thy lands.'"

That night they slew him on his father's throne, the deed unnoticed, and the hand unknown :—crownless and sceptreless, Belshazzar lay—a robe of purple round a form of clay!

MICHAEL IVANOWITCH

ALEX. SMALL

(From *The People's Friend, by special permission of the Author*)

'TWAS when on Bonaparte's bright star there dawned that fateful hour
That checked the tyrant's mad pursuit of conquest and of power:
To "holy" Moscow's empty walls the baffled conqueror came
To face no foe of flesh and blood, but one of ice and flame.
Now, when from Moscow's burning walls the Russians all have fled,
Why lingers still Ivanowitch among those scenes so dread?
A soldier, handsome, young, and brave, and faithful to the Czar,
Michael Ivanowitch had fought with honour in the war;
His country and his king he loved, but even than these more dear
Was one whose sweet and gracious voice was ever in his ear,
Whose eyes were his lodestars, whose heart to him in love was given,
Who seemed to his all-partial eyes the fairest under Heaven.
But now this loved one dying lay, torn by a bursting shell,
And Michael's hatred of the foe burned like the fire of hell.

Sitting in anguish by her side, what cared he to go free;
Dear were his life and liberty, but dearer far was she.
Thus lonely, in the midst of foes, while all around had fled,
He sat amid those awful scenes beside her dying bed.
"Michael," she whispered, lovingly, in accents weak and faint,
"Go, fetch me from the village priest the picture of a saint,
A holy picture, love, and hold it to my lips, that I
May kiss it, be absolved from sin, and so in peace may die."
He placed a kiss upon her brow, then stole out on his quest.
While grief, despair, and hatred made a turmoil in his breast.
Through buried and deserted streets, in the cold and silent night,
His rapid footsteps bore him till the priest's house came in sight.
The priest had fled, driven from his home by the invading foe;
And Michael, through the casement saw, lit by the fire-light's glow,
Recumbent forms of armed men, who wrapped in slumber lay
Upon the matted floor: one prayer for help did Michael pray,
Then with tense nerves and beating heart, he entered silently,
And through the sleeping figures thrid his way, until his eye
Fell on the picture of a saint that hung upon the wall;
He seized it, hid it 'neath his cloak—when suddenly the fall
Of some embers from the fire awoke a sleeper from his rest,
And ere Ivanowitch could flee, French swords were at his breast,

And fierce-faced men around him stood, who shouted
"Traitor!" "Spy!"
"Move not a step: lift not a hand: or, by the gods, you
die!"
But Michael, quailing not, replied, "No traitor here you
see,
Nor spy: on peaceful errand bent, I pray you set me
free."
"What's that beneath your cloak?" they sneered. Then
speaking low and faint,
As slowly from its folds he took the picture of the saint,
He said, "The woman whom I love is dying: cruel fate!
And her dying lips would kiss it; let me pass ere 'tis too
late."
"A likely tale!" they laughed; and "Shoot the Russian
dog!" some cried,
But "Stay!" their captain said. "He may be useful as our
guide,"
Then turning to Ivanowitch, "Your life is ours, you know,
But France has need of soldiers: come, no longer be our
foe,
Swear allegiance to Napoleon, save your life, and take this
gold!"
But proudly Michael answered them, "My honour is not
sold!
Deal with my life as ye have power, my faith's a sacred
thing,
Ye cannot make me traitor to my country and my king!"
Nor bribes nor threats could move him. Then the French-
man, with a sneer,
Replied, "So staunch; but we shall find a way yet, never
fear!
Bring me the branding-iron!" so they made the iron hot,
And brought it to their captain. On either cheek a bright
red spot

Burned on the Russian's face, yet no sign of fear he gave,
But looked upon those cruel men with visage stern and grave.
They seized his arm, and on the quivering flesh of his left hand,
The letter "N," Napoleon's sign, burned with the fiery brand,
Then flung him free, and while he wiped the anguish from his brow,
Laughed in his face—"No more the Czar's: you are Napoleon's now!"
One moment only did he show the rage and pain he felt.
Then seized the sharp and gleaming axe suspended from his belt,
And with the lightning's swiftness, ere they guessed of his design,
Had severed from the wrist the hand that bore the hateful sign,
And flung the bleeding fragment at the captain of hussars—
"There! take what is your Emperor's; I am heart and soul the Czar's!"

Silent a space the Frenchman stood, confounded and abashed,
Then, from his eyes, unused to tears, the falling moisture dashed,
And said, "Forgive me! let me bind your bleeding wrist for you:
Our Emperor himself were proud of hearts so brave and true;
Farewell, my brother! May we meet in better cheer some day!"
And the Frenchmen's plaudits rent the air as Michael took his way.

Back to the dying girl he went, to kneel by her bedside,
And hold the picture to her lips; that night in peace she died.
And Michael on the morrow, though maimed and anguished, sought
Once more his place within the ranks, and for his country fought,
And fought so bravely that the land rung with the hero's fame,
And mothers taught their babes to lisp Ivanowitch's name;
And the story of his faithfulness was rumoured near and far,
And special honour paid to him by order of the Czar.

A WATERLOO HERO

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

(*Adapted for Recital*)

(From *Round the Red Lamp* (Methuen & Co., London) *by special permission of the Author*)

IT was a dull October morning and heavy rolling fog wreaths lay low over the wet, grey roofs of the Woolwich houses. There were few folks in the streets, as a comely girl of about twenty with honest grey eyes touched Mrs Simpson, Gregory Brewster's housekeeper, timidly on the arm and said, "I think this is No. 56. Can you tell me if Mr Brewster lives here?"

"You're Norah Brewster, I s'pose," said the housekeeper, eyeing the girl up and down with no friendly gaze.

"Yes. I've come to look after my grand-uncle Gregory."

"And a good job too. It's about time some of his own

folk took a turn at it, for I've had enough. There you are, young woman, in you go, and make yourself at home."

Thus left to her own devices, the country girl walked into the front room and took off her hat and jacket. It was a low-roofed apartment with a spluttering fire, upon which a small brass kettle was singing cheerily. Norah Brewster looked rapidly about her, and in an instant took over her new duties. Ere five minutes had passed the tea was made, two slices of bacon were frizzling on the pan, the table was rearranged, and the whole room had taken a new air of comfort and neatness. This done, she looked round curiously at the prints upon the wall. Over the fireplace, in a small, square case, a brown medal caught her eye, hanging from a strip of purple ribbon. Beneath was a slip of newspaper-cutting yellow with age, which ran thus :—

"On Tuesday an interesting ceremony was performed at the barracks of the 3rd Regiment of Guards, when, in the presence of the Prince Regent, Lord Hill, Lord Saltoun, and an assemblage which comprised beauty as well as valour, a special medal was presented to Corporal Gregory Brewster, of Captain Haldane's Flank Company, in recognition of his gallantry in the recent great battle in the Lowlands. It appears that on the ever-memorable 18th of June, four Companies of the 3rd Guards, under the command of Colonels Maitland and Byng, held the important farm-house of Hougomont at the right of the British position. At a critical point of the action these troops found themselves short of powder. Col. Byng despatched Corporal Brewster to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. Brewster came upon two powder tumbrils of the Nassau division, and succeeded, after menacing the drivers with his musket, in inducing them to convey their powder to Hougomont. In his absence, however, the

hedges surrounding the position had been set on fire by a howitzer battery of the French, and the passage of the carts full of powder became a most hazardous matter. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to fragments. Daunted by the fate of his comrade, the second driver turned his horses, but Corporal Brewster, springing upon his seat, hurled the man down, and urging the powder cart through the flames, succeeded in forcing a way to his companions. To this gallant deed may be directly attributed the success of the British arms. Long may the heroic Brewster live to treasure the medal which he has so bravely won, and to look back with pride to the day when, in the presence of his comrades, he received this tribute to his valour from the august hands of the first Gentleman of the realm."

Norah was still gazing at the brown medal, when there came a sudden tapping and shuffling upon the stair, and there at the door was standing the very man who had been so often in her thoughts.

But could this indeed be he? Where was the martial air, the flashing eye, the warrior face which she had pictured? There, framed in the doorway, was a huge, twisted old man. A cloud of fluffy white hair, and a pair of watery blue eyes—these were what met her gaze. He leaned forward upon a stick, while his shoulders rose and fell with his crackling, rasping breathing.

"I want my morning rations," he crooned, as he stumped forward to his chair. "The cold nips me without 'em. See to my fingers." He held out his distorted hands, all blue at the tips, wrinkled and gnarled, with huge, projecting knuckles.

"It's nigh ready," answered the girl, gazing at him with wonder in her eyes.

"Don't you know who I am, grand-uncle? I am Norah Brewster from Witham."

"Rum is warm, and schnapps is warm, and there's 'eat in soup, but it's a dish o' tea for me. What did you say your name was?"

"Norah Brewster."

"You can speak out, lass. Seems to me folk's voices isn't as loud as they used."

"I'm Norah Brewster, uncle. I'm your grand-niece come from down Essex way to live with you."

"You'll be brother Jarge's girl. Lor'! to think o' little Jarge having a girl."

"I am the daughter of your brother George's son."

"Lor'! but little Jarge was a rare un.

"He's got a bull pup o' mine that I gave him when I took the bounty. You've heard him speak of it likely?"

"Why, grandpa George has been dead this twenty years."

"Well, it was a bootiful pup—ay—a well-bred un too. I'm cold for lack of my rations. Rum is good, and so is schnapps, but I'd as lief have tea as either.

"It's a middlin' goodish way you've come. Likely the stage left yesterday."

"The what, uncle?"

"The coach that brought you."

"Nay, I came by the mornin' train."

"Lor'! now, think o' that. You ain't afeard of those new-fangled things! What's the world a-comin' to?"

"You must have seen a deal of life, uncle. It must seem a long, long time to you."

"Not so very long, neither. I'm ninety come Candlemas, but it don't seem long since I took the bounty. And that battle, it might have been yesterday. I've got the smell of the powder in my nose yet. Eh, but I get a power o' good from my rations!"

"Have you read that?" jerking his head towards the cutting.

"Yes, uncle, and I am sure you must be proud of it."

"Ah, it was a great day for me! A great day! The Regent was there, and a fine body of a man too! 'The ridgment is proud of you,' says he. 'And I'm proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'A deucid good answer, too!' says he to Lord Hill, and they both burst out a-laughing."

At that moment the doctor entered.

"Ah, Mr Brewster! Better to-day?"

"Yes, I'm better. But there's a deal o' bubbling in my chest. Can't ye give me something to cut the phlegm?"

"Oh, you are doing very well. I'll look in once a week or so and see how you are."

As Norah followed him to the door he beckoned her outside.

"He is very weak. If you find him failing you must send for me."

"What ails him, doctor?"

"Ninety years ail him. The man is worn out."

As Norah stood watching the brisk figure of the young doctor disappear, she pondered over these new responsibilities which had come upon her. When she turned, a tall, brown-faced artilleryman, with the three gold chevrons of sergeant upon his arm, was standing, carbine in hand, at her elbow.

"Good-morning, miss," raising one finger to his jaunty, yellow-banded cap. "I b'lieve there's an old gentleman lives here of the name of Brewster, who was engaged in the battle o' Waterloo?"

"It's my grand-uncle, sir. He is in the front parlour."

"Could I have a word with him, miss?"

"Yes, surely, if you'll step in. Uncle, here's a gentleman who wants to speak with you."

"Proud to see you, sir—proud and glad, sir!" cried the sergeant, walking into the room, and grounding his carbine while he raised his hand, palm forwards, in a salute.

The old man blinked up at his visitor, and shook his head slowly.

"Sit ye down, sergeant.

"You're full young for the stripes. Lardy, lardy, it's easier to get three now than one in my day. Gunners were old soldiers then, and the grey hairs came quicker than the three stripes."

"I am eight years' service, sir. M'Donald is my name —Sergeant M'Donald, of H Battery, Southern Artillery Division. I have called as the spokesman of my mates at the gunners' barracks to say that we are proud to have you in the town, sir."

"That were what the Regent said. 'The ridgment is proud of ye,' says he. 'And I am proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'And a deucid good answer too,' says he."

"The non-commissioned mess would be proud and honoured to see you, sir, and if you could step as far you'll always find a pipe o' baccy and a glass o' grog awaitin' you."

"Like to see me, would they? The dogs! Well, well, when the warm weather comes again I'll maybe drop in. Too grand for a canteen, eh? Got your mess just the same as the orficers. What's the world a-coming to at all?"

"You was in the line, sir, was you not?"

"The line?" cried the old man with shrill scorn. "Never wore a shako in my life. I am a guardsman, I am. Served in the 3rd Guards—the same they call now the Scots Guards. Lardy, but they have all marched away, every man of them, from old Col. Byng down to the drummer boys, and here am I a straggler—that's what I am, sergeant, a straggler! I'm here when I ought to be there. But it ain't my fault neither, for I'm ready to fall in when the word comes."

"We've all got to muster there," answered the sergeant.

"Won't you try my baccy, sir?" handing over his pouch. Old Brewster drew a blackened clay pipe from his pocket and began to stuff the tobacco into the bowl. In an instant it slipped through his fingers, and lay broken to pieces on the floor. His lip quivered, and he began crying like a child.

"I've broke my pipe."

"Don't you fret yourself, sir. 'Ere's a wooden pipe with an amber mouth, if you'll do me the honour to accept it from me."

"Jimini." Smiles from the old man broke in an instant through his tears. "It's a fine pipe. See to my new pipe, Norah. I lay that Jarge never had a pipe like that. You've got your firelock there, sergeant."

"Yes, sir, I was on my way back from the butts when I looked in."

"Let me have the feel of it. Lardy, but it seems like old times to have one's hand on a musket. What's the manual, sergeant, eh? Cock your firelock—look to your priming—present your firelock—eh, sergeant? Oh, Jimini! I've broke your musket in halves."

"That's all right, sir," said the gunner. "You pressed on the lever and opened the breech-piece. That's where we load 'em, you know."

"Load 'em at the wrong end. Well, well, to think o' that. And no ramrod, neither. I've heered tell of it but I never believed it afore. Ah, it won't come up to Brown Bess when there's work to be done."

"I've wearied you enough for one sitting. I'll look in again, and bring a comrade or two with me if I may; there isn't one but would be proud to have speech with you."

So with another salute to the veteran the gunner withdrew.

It was a deadly cold winter, and Norah had a hard task to keep the life in that time-worn body. As the warm

weather came, however, the blood thawed in his veins, and he would even drag himself as far as the door to bask in the life-giving sunshine.

"It do hearten me up so.

"Eh, but it's fine. This sunshine makes me think of the glory to come. You might read me a bit o' the Bible, lass. I find it wonderful soothing."

"What part would you like, uncle?"

"Oh, them wars."

"The wars?"

"Ay, keep to the wars. Give me the Old Testament for choice. There's more taste to it, to my mind. Them Israelites was good soldiers—good soldiers, all of 'em."

"But, uncle, it's all peace in the next world."

"No, it ain't, gal."

"Oh, yes, uncle, surely."

"I tell you it ain't, gal. I asked parson."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said there was to be a last fight. He even gave it a name, he did. The battle of Arm—Arm—"

"Armageddon."

"Ay, that's the name parson said. I 'specs the 3rd Guards'll be there. And the Dook—the Dook'll have a word to say."

An elderly gentleman was walking down the street. Now, as his eyes fell upon the old man, he came straight for him. "Hullo, are you Gregory Brewster?"

"My name, sir," answered the veteran.

"You are the same Brewster, as I understand, who is on the roll of the Scots Guards as having been present at the battle of Waterloo?"

"I am that man, sir, though we called it the 3rd Guards in those days. It was a fine ridgment, and they only need me to make up a full muster."

"Tut, tut, they'll have to wait years for that, but I am

the Colonel of the Scots Guards, and I thought I would like to have a word with you."

Old Gregory Brewster was on his feet in an instant, with his hand to his cap.

"God bless me! to think of it; to think of it!"

"Why, we are very proud of you in London; and so you are actually one of the men who held Hougomont?"

Could this indeed be the last of that band of heroes!

"I hope that you are pretty comfortable and happy. How's the memory?"

"Oh, there ain't nothing amiss there. Why, sir, I could give you the name of every man in Captain Haldane's Flank Company."

"And the battle—you remember it?"

"Why, I sees it all afore me every time I shuts my eyes."

"And what was it that struck you most, now, in connection with the whole affair?"

"I lost three half-crowns over it, I did. I shouldn't wonder if I was never to get that money now. I lent 'em to Jabez Smith, my rear rank man, in Brussels. 'Only till pay-day, Greg,' says he. By Gosh! He was struck by a lancer at Quarter Bras, and me with not so much as a slip o' paper to prove the debt. Them three half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

The Colonel took up the old man's tobacco pouch and slipped a crisp bank note inside.

"The officers of the Guards want you to buy yourself some little trifle which may add to your comfort."

"Thank ye kindly, sir. But there's one favour I would like to ask you, Col.

"If I'm called, Colonel, you won't grudge me a flag and a firing party?"

"All right, my man, I'll see to it."

"Good-bye."

"A kind gentleman, Norah, but Lardy, Lardy, he ain't fit to hold the stirrup o' my Colonel Byng."

The very next day the old Hero took a sudden change for the worse. The doctor came and shook his head in silence. All day he lay with only his puffing blue lips and the twitching of his scraggy neck to show that he still held the breath of life.

Norah and Sergeant M'Donald sat by him in the afternoon, but he had shown no consciousness of their presence. He lay peacefully, his eyes half closed, his hands under his cheek, as one who is very weary.

They had left him for an instant, and were sitting in the front room, when of a sudden they heard a shout that rang through the house. Loud, and clear, and swelling, a voice full of strength and energy, and fiery passion.

"The Guards need powder! the Guards need powder!"

The sergeant sprang from his chair and rushed in, followed by the trembling Norah.

There was the old man standing up, his blue eyes sparkling, his whole figure towering and expanding, with eagle head and glance of fire.

"The Guards need powder," he thundered once again, "and by Heaven they shall have it!"

He threw up his long arms and sank back with a groan into his chair.

"Oh, Archie, Archie," sobbed the frightened girl, "what do you think of him?"

"I think," said he, "that the 3rd Guards have a full muster now."

DEATH AND BURIAL OF GENERAL WAUCHOPE

A. G. Hales

(From *Campaign Pictures* (Cassell & Co. Limited), *by permission of the Publishers*)

The Highlanders reeled before the shock like trees before the tempest. Their best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down riddled with bullets, yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together.

The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward, onward to death or disaster.

The accursed wires caught them round the legs until they foundered like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. Then they fell back, broken and beaten, leaving nearly thirteen hundred dead and wounded just where the broad breast of the grassy veldt melts into the embrace of the rugged African hills, and an hour later the dawning came of the dreariest day that Scotland has known for a generation past.

Of her officers, the flower of her chivalry, the pride of her breeding, but few remained to tell the tale—a sad tale, truly, but one untainted with dishonour or smirched with disgrace, for up those heights under similar circumstances even a brigade of devils could scarce hope to pass.

All that mortal men could do the Scots did. They tried, they failed, they fell, and there is nothing left us now but to mourn for them and avenge them, and I am no prophet if the day is distant when the Highland bayonet will write the name of Wauchope large and deep in the best blood of the Boers.

Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendour, on the evening of Tuesday the 13th of December a long, shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt.

To the westward the broad river, fringed with trees, ran murmuringly. To the eastward the heights still held by the enemy scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated peacefully. A few paces to the northward of that grave fifty dead Highlanders lay, dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle. They had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave.

How grim and stern those dead men looked as they lay face upward to the sky with great hands clenched in the last death agony, and brows still knitted with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen.

The plaids dear to every Highlander were represented there, and as I looked out of the distance came the sound of the pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade.

In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office, then came the pipers with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades.

Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high, until the soldier's head went back in haughty defiance and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel, now sinking to a moaning wail like a woman mourning for her first-born, until the proud heads drooped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred

faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him.

Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers whilst the solemn service of the Church was spoken.

Then once again the pipes pealed out, and "Lochaber no more" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home moaning for the soldier she would welcome back no more.

Then, as if touched by the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damp eyes from the still form in the shallow grave towards the heights where Cronje, "Lion of Africa," and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson and the strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with fervour of the grip, and that look from those silent armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.

God help the Boers when next the Highland pibroch sounds! God rest the Boers' souls when the Highland bayonets charge, for neither death nor hell nor things above nor things below will hold the Scots back from their blood feud!

At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep. His officers grouped around him, whilst in line behind him his soldiers were laid in a double row, wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully, only a royal salute was given, and then the men marched campwards

as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt.

To the gentlewoman who bears their General's name, the Highland Brigade sends its deepest sympathy. To the mothers and the wives, the sisters and the sweethearts in cottage home, by hillside, and glen, they send their love and good wishes—sad will their Christmas be, sadder the New Year.

Yet, enshrined in every womanly heart, from Queen Empress to cottage girl, let their memory lie, the memory of the men of the Highland Brigade who died at Magersfontein.

TWO SCARS

A COCOANUT MAN'S STORY

ROBERT OVERTON

(From *Queer Fish* (Dean & Son), *by special permission of the Author*)

HAVE another shy, sir? Three shies a penny!

Won't have any more shies, sir, becos cokernuts disagrees with yer? Werry good. 'Arry, the gent won't have no more shies, so count the sticks!

He's a rum chap, sir, my mate 'Arry is. See 'ow stiff he 'olds 'isself, like a cokernut stick with the nooralgy in its neck. He's a old soldier, 'Arry is, and always 'olds 'isself like that, and never says a word unless he's spoke to fust, and then he answers yer wery short, as though 'is tongue charged 'im three words a penny. But I ain't that sort myself, as am rather lowquacktious, and I could tell yer a tale about 'Arry as would surprise yer.

Sit on the grass and have a pipe with yer while I tells yer about it? Cert'nly I will. Thankee, sir.

It all come about along o' this 'ere pitch. A great deal

depends on the pitch, which is the ground where yer puts up the cokernuts.

Now this 'ere is a model pitch. It's a good level bit of grass as looks easy shying, and a nice, lumpy, awk'ard bit o' ground for the gents to stand on when they shy. I'm a-lettin' yer into some of the perfessional secrets, becos I know yer won't go back on a feller.

It looks nice and private, this 'ere model pitch does, the 'igh palin's there shuttin' off the grounds of the Colonel's manshing; and there's the 'igh road where all the wans runs to Hepping Forest.

It's about five years ago, now, that me and 'Aarry first went into partnership together. We was a-doin' the Punch and Judy lay, and me and 'im and the dawg was passing along 'ere one day. 'Aarry says, "'alt" he says, wery short.

"What's up?" I asks.

"See that pitch?" 'Arry says, pointing along 'ere.

"Yes," I answers; "what's yer lay?"

"Cokernuts," he says.

"Good," I says, "but we ain't got no sticks, and no nuts and no bags, and no nothing."

He jerks 'is thumb towards the Punch and Judy box, and the dawg, and he says,—"Is this 'ere lay a-payin' us?"

"No," says I; "the Hingerlish people 'as forsook the legit'met Drammy. Our Punch and Judy ain't a-doing us no good. But we've got em, and I guess we'll have to keep 'em. What else can we do with 'em?" I says.

"Sell 'em," says 'Arry.

Sure enough, soon after that we got a chance of dispoging of the legit'met drammy, in the shape of Punch, Judy, and the dawg, and then we started in the Cokernut line. Our first pitch was this wery spot, and we done a good trade. Customers was plentiful and bad shots.

The manshing belonged then to a old lady as was wery kind to us. She never interfered with us, but let us make this plot a reg'lar pitch at all 'oliday times, and sich like. Many a mornin' she come out and give me and 'Arry a nice little bundle of pipe-lights—tracks, yer know, sir,—and she were always pleasant and sociable like. One mornin' she come out to us with the tracks, and as I was a-bowin' to 'er wery polite, and 'Arry drawin' 'isself up like a brick wall, a-salutin' of the lady, the old girl says, "I believe," she says, "I have some sort of right over this plot of ground, as the owner of the manshing and the park; but so long as you behave yerselves, and reads the tracks, I shall never disturb you," she says.

"Thank yer, yer ladyship," I replies. "Three shies a penny, marm," I says, "is our reg'lar price, which 'Arry will tell yer the same; but any time, marm, as yer ladyship would like a nut, come and have a shy for nothink, marm!"

But the next time we come round after that, bad noose was told us. The old lady 'ad gone where they don't never want no tracks, and where I scarcely thinks they carry on the cokernut perfession. The old lady were dead, sir, and the manshing and park 'ad been took by a peppery, yeller-faced, fiery-tempered hold Hangerlow Hinjin Colonel, as was frightening everybody about the place. He'd frightened the parson till he could scarcely preach, and 'ad almost forgot one day to make a collection; the tradespeople trembled as they see 'is yeller face a-colourin' the shop winders, and the servants in the manshing 'ad quite give up the ridikalous idea of callin' their lives their own.

"The place ain't the same," says the chap as was telling us, "since he come into it. Cayenne pepper is mild alongside of the Colonel, and ginger ain't in it with 'im. His language," he says, "is strong enough to draw

a luggage train without a engine. Such hoaths and curses was never 'eard in this part before. As sure as you're alive," he says, "he'll march you two off this pitch in years before no time. He's death, he says 'isself, on all wagabones, tramps and wermins."

"What's 'is name?" I says.

"Colonel Rufus Pepperton."

I see a rum look come in 'Arry's face, and I says, "Do yer know 'im, 'Arry?"

"Yes," he answers, and I knowed it was no use askin' 'im any more just then, becos 'Arry wery seldom says more than one word a hour at the outside.

The next mornin' was Saturday, and me and 'Arry got the cokernuts up in good time. We 'ad several young gents a-throwin' wery early that mornin', and after they 'ad gone away 'Arry run up to the cokernut end of the pitch for to throw me up the sticks at the other end to hadd to the 'eap so as to be all ready and 'andy for the next customer, when we sees for the first time the Hangerlow Hinjin. He comes rushing out of the park gates like a wild bull, shakin' 'is fist, 'is eyes flashin' in 'is yeller old face, and swearin' somethink horful!

Soon as ever he come on the ground, I see 'Arry draw 'isself up and begin salutin'; but the Colonel didn't see 'im, for he was coming straight on towards me at the other end. Soon he reached me, and then he made a few remarks. "You thieves, scamps, wagabones, tramps, rascals, knaves, blackguards."

"I begs yer pardon, sir," I says, "but are yer alludin' to me, or to 'Arry?" I says.

"To both of you," he hollers, swearing frightful. "Clear out of it! Clear out sharp, or I'll shoot the two of you like dogs. This is my ground, and off you go!"

Now 'Arry 'ad 'eerd all he said, and I see 'is face gettin' blacker and blacker. Just as the Colonel paused,

'Arry stood straight up with a nice knobbly stick in 'is 'and, and a look in 'is face I'd never see'd there afore, all the time I'd knowed 'im.

"Colonel," he shouts out in a clear, loud, ringin' sort of voice, "Colonel, I'm going to throw these sticks up to my mate. Please march out of the line of fire. Once!"

"How dare you," began the Colonel, not stirrin'.

"Twice," sings 'Arry.

"You audacious villain!"

"Three times!" and swift and straight come the nice knobbly stick.

'Arry 'ad said true: the Colonel *was* in the line of fire, and the nice knobbly stick 'it 'im on the cokernut. Off rolled 'is 'at, and down fell Colonel Rufus Pepperton.

That evernin' me and 'Arry was in jail, and the last words of the perleeceman as he locked the door was these, with a pleasin' smile, "This is six months' 'ard; that's what it is!"

'Ere's a tarblow for yer, sir. Me and 'Arry afore the beaks. Three justicesses on the bench. Perleecemen in bloo. Court crowded. Old Colonel Pepperton, lookin' savager and more yellerer than ever, with a nasty bit of a scar where the nice knobbly stick 'it 'is cokernut. Me and my mate in the dock. The evidence was all give, and I was discharged with a warnin' never to be guilty no more. I didn't leave the Court, but stood as close as I could to the dock, where my poor old mate was standin'.

Things looked wery black for 'im.

"It's twelve months' 'ard," whispers the perleeceman to me; "that's what it is. Yer see 'ow bloo the Chairman's nose is. He always goes in for twelve months' 'ard when 'is nose is that colour. It ain't drink, it's undisgestion. It's a beautiful bloo," says the perleeceman, as I think must ha' been a bit of a hartist like; "it's a beautiful bloo,

and with the two red noses alongside of 'im, it makes a wery pretty pictur'."

The three judges put their 'eads together, and the old gent as carried the bloo nose about says to 'Arry wery solemn, "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"He's never a-goin' to 'ang 'im?" I says to the perleeceman; and then I ups and says to the Judge, "Please yer honour's worship, my lord," I says, "the reg'lar charge is only three shies a penny, as no doubt your majesty have often 'ad a go at the nuts yerself at that price, as is not extravagant. Three shies a penny is the reg'lar price, my lord, and 'Arry only 'ad one shy. Let 'im off easy, my lord!" I says. They turned me out of the Court neck and crop, but I got in afore the row was over, and I 'ears the Judge say again,—

"Prisoner, have you anything to say for yourself?"

'Arry pulls 'isself straight up, puts 'is 'and to 'is 'ead, salutin', and says wery short,—

"Yes!"

"What, pray?" says the proprireator of the bloo beak.

"This," says 'Arry, and I wouldn't have believed as ten million 'orses could ha' drawed such a speech from 'im. "There stands the Colonel," 'Arry says, "and 'ere I stand. The Colonel is 'ere to send me to jail, and I am 'ere to go to jail. You sit there to sentence me to jail, and all the crowd of people 'ere are waiting to hear me sentenced. There is the Colonel, and 'ere am I, face to face. Face to face, close, for the second time in our lives. Now I'm just going to tell about the first time, and then let the Colonel send me to quod.

"The place is a burnin' plain in India, and the time is the Mutiny. The air is hot with the smoke of battle, and echoin' with shouts, groans, and shrieks of brave men in their dyin' agony.

"A detachment of British Infantry have been in a warm

corner through all the fight. They've been roughly handled by the rebels, and a last charge, though they hold the ground still, has almost scattered them. An officer has fainted, and lies white and 'elpless on the earth, with the colours of the Regiment clutched close and tight in both hands. He lies apart from the torn and battered ranks he's been tryin' to hold together. A few full-armed rebels, mounted on captured English chargers, make a wild rush at the flag. The flag — the flag—is wrenched from the senseless fingers, and they ride away in triumph. Then the officer comes to, and he groans, with an agony only a soldier can understand, 'The Colours! The Colours! For God's sake, bring me back the Colours!'

"He tries to stagger on foot but falls back again, too sorely wounded to rise; and again he sobs out, 'For God's sake, bring me back the Colours!'

"A stragglin' soldier of another British Regiment, cut off from the rest, hurries by. Look! he hears the cry, gives one look at the officer, and one at the flying rebels who carry the captured flag. He springs on a riderless charger, gives rein, and goes for the flag or death!

"The burnin' minutes pass on, and at last the soldier rides back, with the Colours wrapped round his 'eart, and as he puts them once more into the officer's white fingers, they are dyed a deeper red by the blood which is flowin' from a wound in the soldier's breast.

"Colonel, where is the scar I gave you because you treated me and my mate like thieves, and refused a fair warning?"

Like a man in a dream, the Colonel 'eld 'is finger to the scar on 'is fore-'ead. Off 'Arry flings 'is coat, tears open 'is shirt, and 'olds *'is* finger to a big, jagged scar near 'is noble 'eart.

"And 'ere," he says, "is the scar of the wound which that common soldier bore for you!"

I never knowed properly what 'appened after that. But I remember gettin' on a form and yelling "Ooray!" till I were again chucked out. I remember the Colonel springin' into the dock, swearin' the most awful language, and cryin' at the same time; shakin' 'Arry's 'and, and callin' 'im "Comrade." Then I remember 'im turnin' to the three noses on the Bench, and sayin', "This gallant fellow's story is true."

I don't know 'ow they squared it, but I know 'Arry was discharged in triumph, and ever since then I've kept the nice knobbly stick that 'it Colonel Rufus Pepperton on the cokernut.

THE VOICE O' THE NATION

HOSEA, Jun. (A. St. John Adcock)

(In "*The Spectator*," *by special permission of the Author*)

LEAVE our furrin' fren's to chatter, let 'em flutter roun', an' fuss,
'Tain't *their* cheerin' or their sneerin' that can help or hinder us;
Let 'em hope we're doomed to failure, let 'em say we're crushed an' cowed:
P'r'aps they think the sun's extinguished when it's strugglin' through a cloud!
They are hurryin' tu believe us all their hatred can desire,
But the blows they fancy fatal only clinch our courage higher;
Talkin's easier work than doin', you may take your oath o' that—
Boys! git on, an' let 'em chatter—but we ain't done yet!

Air their hearts so small an' craven that they cannot understan'
How we're game tu take a lickin'—an' then lick the other man?
What's their gauge fer measurin' greatness, how did they achieve renown,
That they think whene'er we stumble we must keep on lyin' down?
Du they dream an Empire's conjured up by easy charms an' sweet?
Ours, at least, was shaped an' builded from disaster an' defeat,
An' we've made it what it is, through all the cent'ries that hev gone,
Not without a slip or blunder—but by still goin' on!

It is good tu git the fust blow in—but best tu hev the last;
An' they'll see us still go forrard as they've seen us in the past,
Fer each loss we hev tu suffer, each defeat that marks our way
Is a clarion call tu victory, an' we hear it an' obey;
In the end we hit the bull's-eye though it's arter many a miss;
Ef a lickin' could hev beat us, we'd hev fallen long ere this;
Some may find a knock-down blow as bad as pisen in their cup,
But they never stop to take it—no, we jest set up!

Ef our Empire *is* a-shakin', it's a steadyin' sort uv shake
Thet'll warm our blood an' rouse us till our sleepin' strength's awake;
The storm shall break its might on us, an' when its hour is o'er,
Ye'll find us standin', rock-like, rather firmer than afore;
An' our furrin' fren's, I'm thinkin', may look wiser ef they wait,
'Stead us castin' up the total 'fore the sum is on the slate;

They've hed cause tu know us better, an' it's strange that they forget—
Boys! git on, an' let them chatter—but we ain't done yet!

THE SHADOW OF A SONG

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN

(*By special permission of* Messrs Dean & Son, *Publishers, and the Author*)

YES, it is just one year ago to-night,
And through my brain there tingles into life
The self-same forms—the faces and the sound
Of voices that I knew in those glad days.—
That seemed no longer than do minutes now,
They were so full of joy, those old dead hours.
But I let a trifle leap into a thought,
And grow and grow till it was past reclaim,
I slipped it then as sportsmen slip their dogs
And coupled with it madness for its mate.
They ran abreast as jealousy and pique
Set on to chase my love down to its death.
I steeped my brain in wretched jealous dreams
When I awoke I called myself a *cur!*
But she had gone—this woman that I loved—
I see that poor face now, drawn at the brows;
Pain, like a vice, had crushed her to the quick.
And yet amid that world of quivering woe,
Two steady stars shone out—those calm grey eyes,
Two planets, pure and passionless, that mocked
The lurid fierceness of mine own mad heat.
And thus we parted—Heaven! when I think
That in a month I would have called her wife!
How hard it seems a man's whole life should be
O'ershadowed by a *Song!*

Aye, it had been
A love-dirge that her wondrous voice had sent
From out the silver portals of her throat,
As though 't had been a prayer so glorified
'Twould pierce its way on through the gates of heaven.
I slew my peace by bringing into life
Some dearer rival in her love to me;
I conjured up the ghost of someone gone—
Some dead love that she held communion with,
Through the sweet channel of a trembling song.
I'd often come and sit to hear her sing, but once
I stole with silent step to where she played.
Dazzled by the radiance of the light
The strong young moon had flung across her face,
She did not see me.
And while each pulse throbbed out its troublous tale,
I stood and watched, and while I watched—I wronged!
I crept so near in my intent to find
Her deepest secret mirrored in her face.
That her soft breath disturbed the straying threads
My nervous hands had singled from my hair.
I listened while the voice climbed to the clouds,
On melody that seemed to float through tears,
In words that fell amid a sea of sobs—
I heard, I saw the upturned, straining eyes,
The dreamy sorrow dwelling on the lips.
"She sings," I said, "to some dead love of yore!
She has been fooling me who gave her *all*—
My life! my soul! and while she smiled on me,
Has worshipped at the shrine of some dead past."
I strode from out the shadows to her side;
I wrenched the slender fingers from the keys;
And drowned her tones that, as they sudden stopped,
Must e'en have made the spell-bound angels weep.
She did not speak—but rose serene and grand,

And listened.
Aye! Though I left behind each word a wound
That tore into her womanhood—all dumb
She stood, while wonder wandered through her eyes.
And then she turned and left me in the night.—
Then in my heart hope heaved its dying sigh,
And with *its death* my love leaped back to *life.*
I put my hands in pleading out to her;
I called her by the sweetest names I knew;
On bended knee I asked her to forgive!
And bit my lips till I had brought the blood,
Because they'd shaped the words I'd said to her.
She heard me; and she came back once again,
She spoke to me, quite calmly, not to chide,
But sadly, as a bird whose mate is dead
Will tell its tale of sorrow to the wind;
She gazed at me as one she did not know,
And talked of me as someone far away.
Then looking upward with a cry of pain:
"That song I may not sing you now," she said;
"Ah! my poor brother, you must wait for me,
And when I'm coming—so that you may know
Once more I'll sing it—just before I die."

"Brother!" A sudden mem'ry like a blow
Struck on my senses as though in reproof.
It all came back to me, the tale I'd heard;
The pathos of it; her twin brother, blind,
And she had tended him with a marvellous love
He'd leaned alone on her until he died.
I prayed to her for pity's sake to hear!
I raised my eyes to hers—I met her gaze—
That look! it held the history of two hopes—
The wreck and ruin of *two loves,* two lives!
I wept as men weep *once.* It was too late!

She passed from sight—I never saw her more.
But ever after, haunting every hour,
Each minute, whatsoever path I take,
That cry has followed me o'er all the world:
"*Once more I'll sing it*—just before I die!"
One year ago—aye, just one year to-night!

"SONG

"Though we are parted now, parted for aye,
Yet may I be with you still,
And as day meets the moonlight and the sun meets the sea. . . .
We may meet here, and I, I sing to thee,
Sing to thee, call to thee, speak, dear, to thee.
I know that my message will reach you to-night,
For the sky is so peaceful and clear, and so bright.
Pathways of light lie between you and me,
No clouds, love, to keep back my words, dear, from thee,
As I *sing to thee* here, *O my darling, to thee*—"

What, what is that? the song! and 'tis her voice,
Her touch upon the keys! God! She is there!
Yes, yes, I'll call to her, aye, I will go and speak,
But no; I cannot. Ah, she's going now!
My love, my love! come back—my heart—*She's gone!*

Aye: I remember now, "I'll sing," she said,
"The song once more, just—just before I die."
The world is at an end—for she is *dead!*

SANDALPHON

LONGFELLOW

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,

Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
  With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
  By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
  In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;

And beneath the great arch of the portal
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

MATCHMAKING IN ROSCOMMON

(*Chambers's Journal*)

(From "*Chambers's Journal*," *by special permission of the Proprietors*)

In the west of Ireland the feelings of the young women are seldom consulted in matters matrimonial. Her father being the best judge of what is for his daughter's advantage, opposition is of rare occurrence except where

she has taken the precaution of providing herself with a husband. Still more exceptional is any objection on the part of the young man to the wife selected for him, by his father, as he feels quite satisfied that experience enables his parent to judge of the temper and qualifications of women much better than he could. Interest and inclination alike lead him to make the best selection, but when the choice is made it is unalterable.

The mother has little to say on either side; she never goes matchmaking and is not in any way consulted. Marriage is a matter of business, and it is like any other bargain, made with the shrewd, humorous, calculating caution which characterises the Connaught man. Marriage gifts such as pigs, poultry, a cow, etc., play an important part in the arrangements, and the girl's father has been known to refuse to give her a single penny of fortune until the bridegroom's parent had conceded to her a favourite hatching goose.

The following is a specimen of the way in which matrimonial affairs are managed west of the Shannon.

"Get out my Sunday clothes, Judy. I'm going over to Peter Linskey's to-night," said old Corney O'Brien one evening when he returned from his work.

"Musha, Corney, an' what are ye goin' for?" Judy asked as she unlocked a large deal chest and carefully took out a blue frieze tail coat with bright metal buttons, a pair of bright coloured cord knee breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, a pair of strong shoes, and a billy-goat hat, which with a stout blackthorn shillelah constituted Corney's Sunday suit.

"Sure, I'm goin' to make a match between Katie Linsky and our Dermot; she is a purty colleen an' the boy is moity plazed wid her entirely."

"So she is, Corney, a fine girl, an' sh'll have a snug fortune maybe. Peter is a decent, honest man."

"Faith, Judy, an' he is that same or it isn't Corney O'Brien that would cut, shuffle or dale wid him or his, an' Dermot tells me Kate likes him."

"An' why wouldn't she, Corney? Sure there isn't a purtier boy in the parish, nor a betther."

"Thrue for you, asthore; give us out the ould stockin' and we'll make a match of it this Shovetide wid the blessin' of St Patrick."

From the furtherest corner of the chest Judy drew out an old worsted stocking and handed it to her husband, who with a sly wink buttoned it into one of his pockets and was gone.

Peter Linsky was a small farmer living about a quarter of a mile from Corney's cabin. He had several sons, and one daughter Katie, who was considered the beauty of the village of Ballinmoyne. Her eldest brother was about to be married and bring his wife home, and her father considered it would be very advisable to get Katie married and settled before the arrival of her sister-in-law, and Dermot O'Brien, a fine strapping young fellow, very steady and good-natured, old Peter thought would make an excellent husband, especially as he was an only child.

When Corney O'Brien reached Peter Linsky's cabin he put his head over the half door and said, in Irish, "God save all here," the customary form of greeting in that and other parts of Ireland.

"God save ye, kindly come in an' tak' a sate," Peter replied.

Corney entered and took his seat on a three-legged stool that Peter pushed forward to him.

"Fine weather for the crops, Corney." The two old men then filled their pipes and smoked in silence for some time.

"That's a purty colleen o' yours, Peter."

"Thrue for you, Corney, an' a good, sensible little girl

to the bargain, an' it's happy's the man'll be that gets her."

"That's what I said myself, Peter, an' I come to see if we can't make a match between my Dermot an' herself."

"Oh, he's a likely bhoy."

"Ye may well say that, Peter, an' he'll make a good husband, for he's a good son. What do you say to it?"

"Oh, I'm plazed."

"God save all here," said a harsh grating voice, and a head appeared in the doorway. "Good evenin' to ye, Pether."

"Good evenin', kindly come in an' tak' a sate, Tom."

The newcomer entered, took a stool, and casting a glance at Corney proceeded to light his pipe. He was a stout, harsh-featured man, not much of a favourite in the village, and especially disliked by Corney O'Brien, who never lost an opportunity of annoying Tom Dillon. He was a comfortable farmer in the district, and one of his sons had been "making up" to Katie Linsky for some time before.

After a silence, during which the three old men smoked energetically, Dillon cleared his throat and said,—

"Pether, I want to make a match between your little girl an' my Martin. Have ye anything to say agin it?"

"Sorra a word, Tom; only my neighbour Corney O'Brien an' myself wor just spakin' ov the same thing whin ye came in."

"First come, first sarved, Pether, mind that."

"To be sure, to be sure, Corney."

"An' we may as well clinch the bargain at onst."

"Oh, to be sure, to be sure."

"Ye have nothin' agin my Martin, have ye, Pether Linsky?"

"Agin him! no, he's a fine decent bhoy, an' I have a great regard for him."

"An' he has a great regard for your little girl, an' sorra a day's good he'll do till he's married; he's set his mind on it, an' I'll back him out."

"Turf an' thunder, Tom Dillon, didn't Pether Linsky tell ye I come matchmaking for my Dermot?"

"Thunder an' turf, Corney O'Brien, an' don't I tell ye I come to do the same thing for my Martin, an' I suppose a Dillon can ask a Linsky in marriage any day, an' can afford it too, do ye moind that?"

"An' let me tell ye an O'Brien can put pound an' pound wid a Linsky any day, or for that matter wid a Dillon. Pether, ye know what I came for; what fortune are ye goin' to give Katie?"

"Fortune, Corney; sure Katie's a fortune in herself. I'm a poor man, an' beyont a new gown, a couple o' fleeces o' wool, wid a hank or so of yarn, I can't give her any fortune."

Corney looked astonished and pushed back his stool, as much as to say the negotiations were useless, when Tom Dillon said,—

"Niver moind, Pether, there's them as'll be willin' to tak' her without any fortune, an' can afford it too."

"Thrue for you, Tom Dillon, an' one o' them is Dermot O'Brien; we're not dependin' on a few bare pounds, not but what it's well to have somethin' to put by for the childer, Pether."

"To be sure, to be sure, Corney."

"Well, Pether, is it to be me or Corney? Is a Dillon to be put behind the door for an O'Brien? Isn't my Martin as likely a bhoy as there is in the barony? He'll take your colleen widout a brass penny an' do well for her. What do you say to that?"

"Bedad, then, Tom, I'm in a fix intirely; here's Corney, a fine dacent ould man, wid a fine gossoon of a son, he's first; an' here's yourself, an honest man, an' a good neigh-

bour—sorra a betther—an' sure Martin's the pride of the parish on a Sunday. I'm bothered intirely, an' what can I say? But settle it between ye; whichever of ye can do the best for her, take her in the name of St Patrick."

The two old men eyed one another silently for a few minutes, then Dillon took out a little bag from one of his pockets, pulled out a sovereign, and laying it on the table, said,—

"Show Peter Linsky what ye can do, Corney O'Brien."

Corney smiled, produced his old stocking, and taking from thence a five-pound note, nodded defiantly. Tom drew forth four more sovereigns, and counted them slowly on the table; Corney waited for a minute and then said,—

"Is that all yer goin' to do, Mr Dillon?"

Tom threw down another sovereign, Corney followed his example, till they had each laid on the table twenty pounds.

"Is that all ye're goin' to do, Mr Dillon?"

"In ready money, it is, Mr O'Brien."

"Then I bate ye at that," Corney cried, throwing down another sovereign.

"I'll take the girl in an' share the best we have wid her, and give Martin two acres of land, an' a couple o' pigs," announced Tom Dillon.

"Dermot'll have my land when I'm gone, every rood," cried Corney.

"I'll give a heifer in, twenty pounds, share of a house, two acres of land, an' a heifer. What do you say to that? Not bad for a colleen without a penny."

"Thrue for you, Tom; what'll you do, Corney?"

"Twenty-one pounds down the day they're married, a house an' home, a fether bed, an' the finest mule in the parish; that's what I'll do."

"But the land, Corney. Tom is givin' two acres o' land."

"Dermot'll have the land after me, an' enough to eat

off it till I'm gone. I have no one to provide for but him, an' Tom Dillon has three more."

"An' plenty to do it wid, an' I'll make it three acres of the best upland in Ballinmoyne."

"It's very fair, an' I'm beholden to ye, Tom."

"I'll make it twenty-five pounds an' throw in a heifer."

"Very dacent of you, Corney."

"I'll throw in a calf," exclaimed Dillon; "twenty pounds, three acres of land, a pig, a heifer an' a calf; now, Pether, done or not."

"I think ye spoke of two pigs, Tom."

"No, no, only one; it's all I can spare, an' I think it's not bad, Pether."

"Bedad, I think ye said a couple of pigs, Tom."

"Niver mind, Pether, I'll throw in a clutch of ducks. Twenty-five pounds down, a house an' home, a fether bed, a fine mule, a heifer, an' a clutch of ducks," said Corney.

"Faix an' a clutch of ducks isn't bad; they're better than a calf to them that hasn't a cow to feed it, an' Corney's is the best house, an' Katie'll have it all to herself. When your Tim an' Jim James marries it will be moity narrow for ye's all."

"Sure, Tim's goin' to America, Pether."

"Well, that makes a differ, but isn't there anything else ye're inclined to offer, Tom? Dermot is the best match this minute."

"I'm done," said Dillon. Then suddenly starting up he cried, "Wait a minute," and ran out of the house, returning in a quarter of an hour staggering under a great sackful of seed potatoes. "There, Corney O'Brien, put that in yer pipe an' smoke it."

Corney at first sight of the sack started to his feet and put on his hat. "Wait a minute, Pether, I'll not be long," and running all the way was soon home.

"Get me a sack, Judy, the meal sack, and be quick, asthore."

"Arra be aisy, Corney, sure an' the meal's in it."

"Betther and betther."

And without saying a word to the astonished Judy, he shouldered the sack, and trotted off as fast as he could; completely out of breath he reached Peter's bathed in perspiration, but on entering he unluckily tripped over the doorstep and fell with the sack full length into the kitchen. The string round the neck of the sack gave way, and covered with the meal he groaned and stammered breathlessly, "Th-there, Pe-pe-ther L-L-in-sky, when the par-a-ties wor grow-in' shure the me-al would keep them alive. What do you say to that, Pether?"

"Begorra, Corney, I just say what I often said before, that you're a dacent ould man an' yer bhoy is moity welcome to Katie Linsky."

At that moment a merry laugh caused the three old men to look around, and Corney scrambled to his feet. In the doorway stood Katie Linsky, her hands pressed to her sides and tears of mirth coursing down her pretty face.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, Corney, but I couldn't help laughing, you looked so quare."

"Be quiet, Katie, an' come here," said Peter. "I was matchmaking for ye, an' the bargain is closed between me an' Corney for you an' Dermot O'Brien."

"Ye don't mean it, father?"

"Sure enough I do, ma colleen; have ye anything to say agin it?"

"Musha, not a word at all, father, dear; only—only—"

"Only what, Katie?"

"Only, I was married last Tuesday to Jack Macgann the painter!"

THE CONVERSION OF COLONEL QUAGG

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

(Adapted)

COLONEL GOLIAH QUAGG was commander of a body of volunteers called the Rapparoarer Tigers. He followed the occupation of a blacksmith, and his shop was along a country road. He was a man of great strength, and was always drinking, blustering and fighting. Where he was raised was not certain. What he did on Sundays (for he never went to church) was not known. There were but two things about him on which argument about him could be with tolerable certainty held—that he liked rum—rum—which he drank in vast quantities without winking, and that he hated the Grace-walking Brethren.

What these or any other brethren had ever done to incur his dislike was not stated; but it was clear and certain that he hated them fiercely and implacably. He declaimed against them in drinking bars; he called them opprobrious names in the street; and what was particularly disagreeable to the brethren themselves, he made a point of giving every minister who passed his smithy—on horse or on foot, on business or pleasure—a sound and particularly humiliating beating.

The Punkington Circuit began to lack ministers. Clergymen were not forthcoming. The congregation began to cry out. So there was a meeting held to decide the question of Colonel Quagg. Not one clergyman could be found to offer to administer to the spiritual necessities of the Rapparoarer brethren. Brother M'Tear had a bad cold; Brother Brownjohn would rather not; and Brother Nash had a powerful call down Weepingwail way. At last a brother, who, up to that time, had said nothing—a long

thin, loose-limbed brother, who seemed to possess no peculiar accomplishment save that he stuttered when he spoke and the questionable one of shutting one eye when he expectorated—this brother, by name Zephaniah Sockdolloger, here rose and said, "I, Zephaniah Sockdolloger, will go to Rapparoarer location, and if Brother Brownjohn will loan me his hoss I will confront the man—even Goliah Quagg."

The fire roared, the sparks flew up the chimney one afternoon, when suddenly Zeek, the bellows-blower, ceased a moment in his occupation and exclaimed, "One o' 'em, Colonel, top o' the hill."

The Colonel grasped a huge strap in his mighty hand and passed out of the smithy door.

He saw coming towards him, down the hill, a long-legged, yellow-faced man in black, with a white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat, who bestrode a solemn-looking white horse with a long white tail, and as he rode he sung quite softly a little hymn that rang something like unto the following:—

> "We are marching through the gracious ground,
> We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
> And then we shall in glory reign,
> And never, never, part again."

Colonel Quagg waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished and the horse had got to within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out, in a terrible voice:—

"Hold hard!"

"Brother," said the man on the horse, "good evening and peace."

"For the matter of that," responded Colonel Quagg, "rot! Hold hard, and git out of that hoss."

"Brother?" the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

"Git out, I tell you," cried the blacksmith. "Legs and

feet. Git out, you long-tailed blackbird. Git out, for I'm riz, and snakes will wake! I want to talk to you."

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was indeed Brother Zephaniah Sockdolloger, for his face was quincier than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he shut one eye and expectorated.

"Now," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the horse block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance. "Where do you hail from?"

"From Punkington city, brother," answered the reverend Zephaniah.

"And whar are you goin' tu?"

"To Rapparoarer city."

"And what may you be goin' for to du in that location?"

"Goin' on circuit."

"What?"

"Lord's business, brother."

Colonel Quagg shook out the strap to its full length, and passed it through his horny hand.

"There was a brother of yours," he said sententiously, "that went to Rapparoarer city on Lord's business last fall. He passed this edifice, he did. He met this strap close by here. And this strap made him see comets, and dance like a shaking quaker, and feel uncommon like a bobtailed bull in fly-time."

There was something so dreadfully suggestive in the position of a bob-tailed bull in fly-time (the insects frequently kill cattle with their stings) that Brother Sockdolloger wriggled uneasily.

"And I *du* hope," the Colonel continued, "that you, brother, aren't of the same religion as this babe of grace was as met the strap as he was riding. That religion was the Grace-walking religion, and that religion I always lick."

"Lick, brother?"

"Lick. With the strap. Dreadful."

"Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the minister, "for such I know is your name in the flesh, I *am* a preacher of the Grace-walking connection. Humble, but faithful, I hope."

"Then," returned Colonel Quagg, making an ironical bow, "this *is* the strap with which I am going to lick you into sarse."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "cast that cruel strap from out of thine hand. Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coulter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace and love and goodwill; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk as long as you like; but talk while I am a-licking of you. For time is precious, and must not be thrown away nohow. Lick you I must, and lick you I will. Hard."

"But, brother—but, Colonel——"

"Rot! Straps is waiting. Stubs and fences! I'll knock you into horseshoes and then into horsenails, if you keep me waiting."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of 'em. Air you ready? Will you take it fighting, or will you take it lying down? Some takes it fighting; some takes it like lambs, lying down. Only make haste."

"Goliah Quagg," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and I would rather not take it at all."

"You must," the Colonel roared, now fairly infuriated. "Pickled alligators! you must. Hold hard, you coon! Hold hard! for I'm a-goin' to begin. Now, once more; is it fighting, or is it quiet, you mean for to take it?"

"Well," said Brother Zephaniah, "you are hard upon

me, Colonel, and that's true. It's fighting or lying down isn't it?"

"Aye," returned the Colonel.

"*Then I'll take it fighting*," the man of peace said quietly.

Colonel Quagg halted for a moment, as if amazed at the audacity of the Grace-walker. Then, with a wild halloo, he rushed upon him. His hand was upon the minister's collar; the strap that had done so much execution in its time was swinging high in the air, when—

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, the astonishment and despair of a schoolmaster caned by his pupil; of the Emperor of China sentenced to be bambooed by a Hong Kong coolie! of a Southern planter cowhided by one of his own niggers; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple-woman; of the Commander-in-chief of the army desired to stand at ease by a drummer. If you can imagine anything of that sort—but only if you can—you may be able to form some idea of how Colonel Quagg felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-directed and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders, on his arms, on his legs—all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he were being hit everywhere at once,—when he found his strap would hit nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

Sledgehammers! Sledgehammers were nothing to the fists of the Grace-walking brother. A bob-tailed bull in fly-time was an animal to be envied in comparison to the Colonel. He danced with all the vigour of a nigger toeing and heeling a hornpipe. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then his legs failed under him, and he fell down all of a heap. The tall brother went down atop of him, and continued pounding away

at his body—singing all the while the little hymn beginning

"We are marching through the gracious ground,"

quite softly to himself.

"Hold hard!" gasped the Colonel at last, faintly. "You don't mean murder, do you? You won't hit a man when he's down much more, will you, brother?"

"By no means," answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist nevertheless with a tremendous "bash" upon the Colonel's nose, as if there were a fly there and he wanted to kill it. "But you've took it fighting, Colonel, and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you," groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You air so mighty hard, you *are*."

"Oh! you give in, then?"

"Aye," murmured Colonel Quagg, "I cave in."

"Speak louder, I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes!" repeated the Colonel, with a groan, "I du cave in. For I'm beat; whittled clean away to the small end o' nothing—chawed up—cornered."

"You must promise me one little thing, Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the Reverend Sockdolloger, without, however, removing his knees from the Colonel's chest. "You must promise, before I leave off hammering of your body, never for to ill-treat by word or deed any of our people—ministers, elders, deacons or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the Colonel; "only let me up. You're choking me."

"Not to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable critters as are coming or going past your way upon Lord's business."

"I promise."

"Likewise," concluded Zephaniah, playfully knocking

away one of his adversary's loose teeth so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking rum, which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being on the trunk-line to perdition And, finally, you must promise to come to our next camp meeting, clean shaved, and with a contrite heart."

"No," cried the almost-expiring Colonel, "I won't, not for all the tobacco in Virginny!"

"You won't, brother?" asked Zephaniah, persuasively raising his fist.

"No, I'm darned if I do."

"Then," said the Grace-walker, meekly, "I must sing you another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quagg's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated, but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already hideously bruised face and body. All he could hear was the snuffling voice of his tormentor singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn, commencing

"I'm going home to bliss above—
Will you go, will you go?
To live in mercy, peace and love—
Will you go, will you go?

My old companions fare you well,
A brighter fate has me befell,
I mean up in the skies to dwell,
Will you go, will you go?"

He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it, Colonel," answered Brother Sockdolloger, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my hoss a bit. He cast a shoe just after I left Punkington."

Colonel Quagg, humiliated and crestfallen, proceeded to shoe the horse, which had been quietly cropping the stunted herbage while the Colonel was being licked. The operation finished, as well as Quagg's bruised arms would permit, the Grace-walker gravely handed him a coin, which the blacksmith as gravely took; then mounted his steed and rode away.

Colonel Quagg has kept his promise. He left off rum and parson licking, and is now one of the burning and shining lights among the Grace-walking Brethren.

"SHUT OUT"

F. Anstey

(Adapted for Recital)

(From *The Talking Horse* (Smith, Elder & Co.) *by special permission of the Author*)

It is towards the end of an afternoon in December, and Wilfred Rolleston is walking along a crowded London street with his face turned westward. A few moments ago and he was scarcely conscious of where he was or where he meant to go: he was walking on mechanically in a heavy stupor, through which there stole a haunting sense of degradation and despair that tortured him dully. And suddenly, as if by magic, this has vanished: he seems to himself to have waked from a miserable day dream to the sweet consciousness of youth and hope.

He is a boy again,—to-day has been the last day of the term, and the thought that his school troubles are over for a time fills him with a sense of joy. Uncouth in manners and dull of brain, he is not a favourite at school. There

had been friendly good-byes for others, but none for him. He had gone out alone, and the blankness had come over him from which he has only just recovered. The dusk is falling, and the shops he passes are brilliant with lights and decorations, but he does not stop to look at any of them; his mind is busy with settling how he shall employ himself on this the first evening of his liberty. Quite lately—yesterday or the day before—his mother had spoken to him, gently but very seriously, about what she called the morose and savage fits which would bring misery upon him if he did not set himself earnestly to overcome them.

He feels softened now somehow, and has a new longing for the love he has so often harshly repulsed. He will overcome this sulkiness of his; he will begin this very evening; as soon as he gets home he will tell his mother that he is sorry, that he does love her really, only that when these fits come on him he hardly knows what he says or does.

And she will forgive him, only too gladly; and his mind will be quite at ease again. No, not quite; there is still something he must do before that: he has a vague recollection of a long-standing coolness between himself and his younger brother, Lionel. They never have got on very well together; Lionel is so different—much cleverer even already, for one thing; better-looking too, and better-tempered. Whatever they quarrelled about Wilfred is very sure that he was the offender; Lionel never begins that kind of thing. But he will put himself in the right at once, and ask Lionel to make friends again; he will consent readily enough—he always does.

And then he has a bright idea: he will take his brother some little present to prove that he really wishes to behave decently for the future.

He finds himself near a large toy shop at the time, and in the window are displayed several regiments of brightly-

coloured tin warriors—the very thing! Lionel is still young enough to delight in them.

Feeling in his pockets, Rolleston discovers more loose silver than he thought he possessed, and so he goes into the shop and asks for one of the boxes of soldiers. He is served by one of two neatly-dressed female assistants, who stare and giggle at one another at his first words, finding it odd, perhaps, that a fellow of his age should buy toys—as if, he thinks indignantly, they couldn't see that it was not for himself he wanted the things.

But he goes on, feeling happier after his purchase. They will see now that he is not so bad after all. It is long since he has felt such a craving to be thought well of by some body.

He hears someone singing a Christmas hymn and the words remind him of that Christmas party at the Gordons', next door. Did not Ethel Gordon ask him particularly to come, and did he not refuse her sullenly? What a brute he was to treat her like that! Not every girl as pretty as Ethel is would care to notice him, and persist in it in spite of everything. She never seems to think him good-for-nothing as most people do, yet he has sulked with her of late. Was it because she had favoured Lionel? He is ashamed to think that this may have been the reason.

Never mind, that is all over now; he will start clear with everybody. He will ask Ethel, too, to forgive him.

He is so occupied with his own thoughts that he is quite surprised to find that he is very near the square where he lives. This is his home, this little dingy, old-fashioned, red-brick house at an angle of the square, with a small paved space railed in before it. He pushes open the old gate with the iron arch above, where an oil-lamp used to hang, and hurries up to the door with the heavy, shell-shaped porch, impatient to get to the warmth and light which await him within.

The bell was out of order, for only a faint jangle comes below as he rings; he waits a little and then pulls the handle again, more sharply this time, and still no one comes.

Losing all patience, he gropes for the knocker, and, groping in vain, begins to hammer with bare fists on the door, louder and louder, until he is interrupted by a rough voice from the railings behind him.

"Now then, what are you up to there, eh?" says the voice, which belongs to a burly policeman who has stopped suspiciously on the pavement.

"Why," says Rolleston, "I want to get in, and I can't make them hear me. I wish you'd try what you can do, will you?"

The policeman comes slowly in to the gate. "I dessay," he says jocularly. "Is there anythink else? Come, suppose you move on."

A curious kind of dread of he knows not what begins to creep over Wilfred at this.

"Move on?" he cries, "why should I move on? This is my house; don't you see? I live here."

"Now look 'ere, my joker, I don't want a job over this," says the constable, stolidly. "You'll bring a crowd round in another minute if you keep on that 'ammering."

"Mind your own business," says the other with growing excitement.

"That's what you'll make me do if you don't look out. Will you move on before I make you?"

"But, I say," protests Rolleston, "I'm not joking; I give you my word I'm not. I do live here. Why, I've just come back from school, and I can't get in."

"Pretty school you come from!" growls the policeman; "'andles on your lesson books, if I knows anything. 'Ere, out you go!"

Rolleston's fear increases. "I won't! I won't!" he

cries frantically, and rushing back to the door beats upon it wildly. On the other side of it are love and shelter, and it will not open to him. He is cold and hungry and tired after his walk; why do they keep him out like this?

"Mother!" he calls hoarsely. "Can't you hear me, mother? It's Wilfred; let me in!"

The other takes him, not roughly, by the shoulder.

"Now, you take my advice," he says. "You ain't quite yourself; you're making a mistake. I don't want to get you in trouble if you don't force me to it. Drop this 'ere tomfool game and go home quiet to wherever it is you do live."

"I tell you I live here, you fool!" shrieks Wilfred, in deadly terror lest he should be forced away before the door is opened.

"And I tell you you don't do nothing of the sort," says the policeman, beginning to lose his temper. "No one don't live 'ere, nor ain't done since I've bin on the beat. Use your eyes if you're not too far gone."

For the first time Rolleston seems to see things plainly as they are. The house is all shuttered and dark; some of the window panes are broken; and there is a pale grey patch in one that looks like a dingy bill. Can anything—any frightful disaster—have come since he left that morning? No, he will not let himself be terrified all for nothing.

"Now, are you goin'?" says the policeman.

Rolleston puts his back against the door and clings to the sides. "No!" he shouts. "I don't care what you say; I don't believe you: they are all in there—they are, I tell you, they are—they are!"

In a second he is in the constable's strong grasp and being dragged, struggling violently, to the gate, when a soft voice, a woman's, intercedes for him.

"What is the matter? Oh, don't—don't be so rough with him, poor creature!" she cries pitifully.

"I'm only exercisin' my duty, mum," says the officer; "he wants to create a disturbance 'ere."

"No," cries Wilfred, "he lies! I only want to get into my own house, and no one seems to hear me. You don't think anything is the matter, do you?"

It is a lady who has been pleading for him; as he wrests himself from his captor and comes forward she sees his face, and her own grows white and startled.

"Wilfred!" she exclaims.

"Why, you know my name!" he says. "Then you can tell him it's all right. Do I know you? You speak like —is it—Ethel?"

"Yes," says she, and her voice is low and trembling, "I am Ethel."

He is silent for an instant; then he says slowly, "You are not the same—nothing is the same; it is all changed—changed—and oh, my God, what am I?"

Slowly the truth is borne in upon his brain, muddled and disordered by long excess, and the last shred of the illusion which had possessed him drifts away.

He knows now that his boyhood, with such possibilities of happiness as it had ever held, has gone for ever. He has been knocking at a door which will open for him never again, and the mother by whose side his evening was to have been passed died long, long years ago.

The past, blotted out completely for an hour by some freak of the memory, comes back to him, and he sees his sullen, morbid boyhood changing into something worse still, until by slow degrees he became what he is now—dissipated, degraded, lost.

At first the shock, the awful loneliness he awakes to, and the shame of being found thus by the woman for whom he had felt the only pure love he had known, overwhelm him utterly. He leans his head upon his arms as he clutches

the railings, and sobs with a grief that is terrible in its utter abandonment.

The very policeman is awed into silence.

"You can go now," says the lady to him, putting money in his hand. "You see I know this—this gentleman. Leave him to me; he will give you no trouble now."

When he has gone, Rolleston raises his head with a husky laugh: his manner has changed now; he is no longer the boy in thought and expression that he was a short time before, and speaks as might be expected from his appearance.

"I remember it all now," he says. "You are Ethel Gordon, of course you are, and you wouldn't have anything to do with me—and quite right too—and then you married my brother Lionel. You see I'm as clear as a bell again now. So you came up and found me battering at the old door, eh? Do you know, I got the fancy I was a boy again and coming home to—bah, what does all that matter? Odd sort of fancy though, wasn't it? Drink is always playing me some cursed trick now. A pretty fool I must have made of myself!"

She says nothing, and he thrusts his hands deep in his ragged pockets. "Hallo! what's this I've got?" he says, as he feels something at the bottom of one of them, and, bringing out the box of soldiers he had bought half an hour before, he holds it up with a harsh laugh which has a ring of despair in it.

"Do you see this?" he says to her. "You'll laugh when I tell you it's a toy I bought just now for—guess whom—for your dear husband! Must have been pretty bad, mustn't I? Shall I give it to you to take to him—no? Well, perhaps he has outgrown such things now, so here goes!" and he pitches the box over the railings, and it falls with a shiver of broken glass as the pieces of painted tin rattle out upon the flagstones.

"And now I'll wish you good evening," he says, sweeping off his battered hat with mock courtesy.

She tries to keep him back. "No, Wilfred, no; you must not go like that. We live here still, Lionel and I, in the same old house," and she indicates the house next door; "he will be home very soon. Tell me—is there nothing we can do—no help we can give you?"

"Nothing," he answers fiercely; "I don't want your pity. It's too late to snivel over me now, and I'm well enough as I am. You leave me alone to go to the devil my own way; it's all I ask of you. Good-bye."

He turns on his heel at the last words and slouches off down the narrow lane by which he had come. Ethel Rolleston stands for a while, looking after his receding form till the fog closes round it and she can see it no more. She feels as if she had seen a ghost; and for her at least the enclosure before the deserted house next door will be haunted evermore — haunted by a forlorn and homeless figure sobbing there by the railings.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

M. E. W.

(From *The Quiver*, January 1887, *by special permission of the Publishers*, Messrs Cassell & Company, Ltd.)

"QUITE comfortable, sir?"

"Yes, thank you, Martin. You need not come back until I whistle."

"Shall I draw the couch higher up the path?"

"No; leave it alone."

"Very well, sir." The man retreated a few steps, only to return. "You don't think that book is too heavy for you, do you, Sir Charles?"

"Oh no, Martin. Do go," I cried; for this constant reference to my helplessness was a sore trial to me, and as the old fellow went off I shut my eyes with a sigh.

It was a lovely spring morning, and the garden was one vast bewildering sweetness of colour and of scent. The daffodils were nodding by my side as though marking the rhythm of the melody that came from a poplar yonder, where a thrush had lodged its nest; and the soft fresh green of the trees seemed to touch a sky that Doré would have loved for its intensity of blue. Far as the eye could reach, the land was mine; of that stately old house by the farther lawn, with its pictures, its carvings, and its historical associations, I was the sole and undisputed master; lastly, I was young. Tolerably strong qualifications for a happy life, you will say, you who are reading these pages; but as I lay there in the April sunshine I do not think there was a more wretched man on God's wide world than I. Future forests lie in an acorn, and saddest truths in a couple of words: I was paralysed. Eighteen months ago I had been in the army, engaged to—you know the young lover's liturgy—the "queen of girls," the "loveliest of her sex." The men dubbed me Adonis; and backed by my good looks, good birth, and above all, by a heavy purse, I had been fêted and caressed, fooled to the top of my bent. And then? A fall in the hunting field, a sharp three months of ceaseless pain, and the doctor's verdict was given. I should only retain the use of my head and my arms; the rest of my body was already dead. And as for the torn crushed face, the scars would doubtless heal in time. A few light condolences, a few heavy cheques, and the worthy gentlemen took their departure. Eighteen months ago! And all that time, with the exception of my own servants, I had not seen a single face. Martin told me that the good folk in the village were sorely troubled at my seclusion. All sorts of tales, he averred, were rife, the

most universally accepted theory being that I was mad. What mattered it to me? I could at least protect myself from their staring eyes, from their wonderment, perhaps from—most galling of all!—their *pity*, by keeping to my own grounds. From the one woman from whom I had a right to expect sympathy had come the hardest blow (for the "extreme nerve-sensitiveness" of my "queen of girls" had forbidden her even to look on me when newly crippled, but it had not prevented a subsequent wealthy match), and so, why should I widen my appeal? No, I would live and die alone in my desolate home!

. . . . . .

"What a very ugly man!"

My thoughts—always the same weary thoughts—which, when Martin left me, had dragged back to the same well-beaten round, took flight suddenly as the words reached me; and opening my eyes in terror—for my hermit-like existence had rendered me as timid as a woman—I saw a little child standing at some paces from me.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here? Go away."

My voice, rendered angry by surprise and distrust—for I dreaded that the child should be followed by others—did not in the least seem to frighten the little intruder. She did not answer, but she stood looking steadily at me, and I, in return, looked steadily back at her. Such a pretty little girl! The wind had crept under the big sun-bonnet, and the soft fair hair was blowing about her temples. A straight little nose, the prettiest of baby mouths, and eyes that were a perfect revelation to me in their absolute innocence and trust? Trust? Ay, that was it. This child was looking at *me*, at my twisted and scarred face, at my poor helpless limbs, and yet she was neither afraid nor pitiful. Small wonder that my heart went out to her in a rush of love and gratitude, as, with a dim remembrance of my

small nursery friends in the Mayfair of other days, I stretched out a hand.

"Come here, little one. So I am very ugly, am I? Well, now, do you know who I am?"

She nodded wisely, answering me in the soft, deliberate voice I was soon to love so dearly.

"Yes, I know : you're the Beast."

"*The what?*"

She was clasping a tattered picture-book in both her chubby hands, and she now held it out straight before her, peeping over the top with solemn blue eyes. "*Beauty and the Beast.*" I read the title, and then took her treasure from her, wondering what on earth she could mean.

And the house and the gardens were always shut up quite tight. No one ever saw the poor Beast, because he was so ugly he would not come out. But he was very lonely and miserable, and all the time he was hoping that Beauty would come.

"That's it," cried the child, delightedly. "*Does* Beauty ever come?"

"No, Beauty never came. It hurt her to look on me. She was so 'sensitive,' you know."

I spoke very bitterly, but my new friend only smiled in reply.

"That's all right," she said comfortably. "We don't want her, you and me. And now I suppose it is time to have some cake, isn't it?"

This was practical, with a vengeance. I blew the whistle for Martin, and enjoyed his utter amazement at the sight of my little visitor.

"It is little Miss Trent, one of the Vicar's daughters," he told me, "and I am thinking that her pa will be in a pretty way about her. He'll think she is lost."

"Oh! of course he will. Send down to the village at once. Sir Charles Lloyd's compliments, and the little girl

is quite safe. If he will allow me to keep her for an hour, I will send her home in the carriage."

Martin only stared in reply. He evidently feared I had taken leave of my senses.

"You will—keep her?" he stammered. "And yet you won't see—"

"Here, go and send someone," I interrupted. "I mean what I say. And bring some cake or something from the house."

The child called after him to be sure and tell papa that he was not to be angry, and that she had crept through a hole in the hedge; and then she proposed clambering up on to my couch, which was accordingly done.

"Now, will you hold me so I can't fall?" she said, persuasively: "Hold my frock like that," and with a sudden glow of intense satisfaction I took hold of the piece of pink cambric with which she presented me. It was the first time since the accident that I had been asked to do anything, to be of use in the slightest way; and my self-respect, which in this weary year of self-loathing and contempt had well-nigh died within me, sprang into life at the baby's request. This seems but a trivial thing to write down, but though I am an old man now, and they tell me that my books have prevented my life being altogether a useless one, no kindly letter of thanks or encouragement I may receive has ever wrought me one tithe of the good that came with her words, "Hold me so I can't fall." It was the first little seed of hope, and I blessed the tiny sower.

Meanwhile she chattered on. Her name was Winifred; she was six years old; and the house was so full at home. There was Miss Rose and papa, and Jessie and Floss, and the boys, and the twins, and the baby. "And wasn't I glad the daffies were out? And Jack had tied a bunch to the kitty's tail, and Miss Rose said he was a bad boy. Did I think it was so very bad?" And so on and on, telling

me of all the merry, tempestuous life led in the rambling old vicarage. I revelled in her talk. That such life, such jollity, should be at a stone's throw from my own door seemed to bring me once again within the pale of humanity; and when the soft voice broke into little shrieks of laughter, as she told how Jacky had blacked the baby, and how Miss Rose had thought he was a nigger, her merriment grew so contagious that I too joined in the fun, and Martin, returning, stood aghast at the sound of my laughter.

"The Vicar's compliments, and he hoped I should allow him to call on the morrow."

"Not for worlds!" My nervous dread of my solitude being invaded returned with redoubled vigour, and I told Martin that he must deny me as best he could, but that I would see neither cleric nor layman. If Mr Trent would let his little daughter come to me I should be very grateful, but with her it must end; I would have no visitors. But our happy morn had been disturbed by the very thought. I felt restless and ill at ease, and when Winifred remarked she thought she had better go, I promptly agreed with her. Martin lifted her off the couch, and then, without the slightest warning, she stood on tiptoe and kissed me good-bye.

"Now the hands." She kissed me on each palm, and then pressed my hands together, holding them close in her own velvety fingers. "When you say your prayers to-night, you'll hold my kisses quite tightly," she said quaintly. "Good-bye, dear Beast."

"Good-bye, dear Beauty;" and Winifred was gone.

"Seems to me, Sir Charles," said Martin, as he laid me in bed that night, "that the parson thinks we are all heathens here!" and the old fellow gave a broad grin. He had lived with my father before my birth, and often favoured me with unasked opinions. "He has been precious anxious to get in here for a long time past, but

I told him to-day that seeing you *was* you—little missy was the better parson."

The Rev. Arthur Trent was even more correct than old Martin knew. I *was* very nearly a heathen in those days, but still, for that night—"You'll hold my kisses when you say your prayers," Winifred had said—and for that night, at least, I did say my prayers.

And the days went on. Spring had changed to summer, and the roses were in full bloom. Little Winifred Trent, or "Beauty," as I always called her, cherishing the pretty fancy that had first led her to me, came to me day by day throughout those summer months. As far as I could gather, she was one of those lonely, rather neglected children of whom there is at least one in every large family; and being a quiet, old-fashioned little thing into the bargain, she was well content to escape the rough games of her noisier brothers and sisters to trot after my couch as Martin pushed me about the garden, or to sit by my side in the old panelled library. What long, delicious hours we passed, we two! Beauty had a fund of quaint, unlearned wisdom, and used to tell me wonderful tales of all that the roses were whispering when their crimson heads were nodding in the breeze. The simplest phases of every-day life were full of unknown marvels to this six-year-old child. She would hide the shadow on the sun-dial under a bed of moss, and then gaze in round-eyed astonishment when the long grey escaped its green prison, in staid defiance of the busy fingers. A favourite bud would be kissed good-night, and then trick her in the morning by being "quite grown-up." *She* never woke from her dreams to find herself a woman; and who was it taught the rosebud? And then, when, tired of the sunshine, we crept into the cool dim library, what happy hours we spent, what baby confidences were whispered! Old-world historians made the strongest of thrones, and Ovid

served as a footstool. I have a Froissart now, where her favourite picture is stained by the poppies she pressed there; and in a cherished Homer lies a shining curl she cut off for a freak one day, and vowed I must keep it for "ever and ever."

I feel I am lingering too much. A helpless cripple and a sunny-haired child are not the *dramatis personæ* of which to make a readable story. Only *I* can tell what that innocent little life was to mine. Only *I* can know how that wee bright ray from another world, as it seemed, opened to me a knowledge of the sunshine that was still existing in our own. The touch of the soft baby fingers, as she traced the scars on my face, healed them in a way that no surgeon's skill had done; and when Beauty, her blue eyes brimming with tears, told me of the village baby who had died that morning, of the tiny waxen face, and the poor mother's red eyes, I entered into my first communication with the outer world by sending help to the sad, poverty-stricken woman. Bit by bit Beauty won me back, if not to my old pursuits, at least to others that might take their place. The news that there were such a funny hole in her nursery ceiling, woke me to the consciousness that it was my business as landlord to keep the Vicar's house in repair; and a grateful note from Mr Trent induced a further supervision of the cottages round about. Little wonder that the poor blessed that April morning when Beauty first forced her way into the Beast's castle!

"*Only a bit of childhood thrown away!*" How persistently that line of old Beaumont's went running in my head. My couch had been wheeled into the garden, now in the full blaze of its August glory, and Beauty was near me digging in her own little plot of ground, where she sowed shoe-buttons, and where geraniums blossomed in their stead, and where various other marvels took place. I had been lying there idly watching the child. How

strong she looked, the very embodiment of health and beauty, with the fair cheeks tanned by the constant sunshine, and her blue eyes dancing with fun and mischief. A sudden wise remark in speaking of the baby-brother at home had led me for the first time to wonder as to what sort of woman my little friend would grow up. Tall, slender, and beautiful exceedingly; sympathetic, sweet, and most gracious. I had spent the morning in such dreamings as these, and now this afternoon all my pleasant fancies and wonderings were put to flight by the ceaseless persistence with which the poet's words rang in my head—"*Only a bit of childhood thrown away.*"

"Beauty, come here, darling, and show me the flowers." I called to the child, anxious to rid myself of the thought, but the industrious little gardener did not hear me. She had wandered farther down the path, and was now nearly out of sight. In the distance I could hear the contented little voice singing a nursery ditty; and satisfied as to my Beauty's well-being, I was soon lost in my book.

Suddenly my couch began to move!

You who are able to protect yourselves, who have full control of your limbs, and who can guard off any danger that menaces you—you will not understand me when I say that my heart literally stood still with terror. I felt for the whistle: it had fallen to the ground; and at the same moment a joyous bark in the rear told me that Beauty's latest plaything, a blundering Newfoundland puppy, must have broken loose from the stable-yard, and rushing wildly along the garden paths in search of its little mistress, had come full tilt against the couch, which the impetus of the blow had been sufficient to set in motion. The guiding wheel had been turned sharp round with a view to making at safer, but alas! for old Martin's care, that guiding wheel pointed in the direction of a slanting side-path; and, after a horrible moment of suspense, while the blue sky swung

around me and the bark of the puppy shut all other sounds from my ears, the couch started down-hill, rolling somewhat slowly at first, but gaining speed with every turn of the wheels.

"Don't be 'fraid. I'll stop you; I'll stop you!"

The voice, Beauty's voice, rang out clear and shrill. The child had seen what had happened, and now came flying up the path with both tiny arms extended. Terror must have rendered me stupid; for a moment I did not understand the baby's meaning. Then, "Go away, darling! go away!" I screamed, as the space between us rapidly lessened. "Don't touch me! Oh God, save the child!"

The agony in my voice arrested her steps, and for one moment she stood upright and motionless, beautiful as a guardian angel who wards the path of danger; and the next —ah! how can I write it? She was knocked down, the couch stopped with a jerk as the wheel ground into the little soft body, and then, as it turned slowly over, I was flung out on to the path.

. . . . . .

When I awoke to consciousness I was in my own room. "It was only a long fainting fit. He is all right," I heard someone say; and then another voice replied, "I wish the poor girl was as well as he is"—"She is seriously injured, sir?" It was Martin who asked the question, and it seemed to me a long time before the answer came: "She is dying."

I lay and listened to them as a man in a dream. Beauty was dying! The words did not convey anything to me. I looked at the brass knob of the bedstead: it would make a capital ball, I thought, and Beauty and I would roll it about in the sunshine. How she would laugh when it glittered! But I forgot. Of course she would not play now, for they said that Beauty was dying. I raised my eyes from the brasses, and fixed them on the wall, where,

with busy, mischievous fingers, she had pencilled the papered rosebuds. The pencil was still on the mantelshelf, and we meant to finish them on the morrow. But surely there was some reason why we might not finish them on the morrow? What was it? Did Martin know? Where was Martin? Ah! my groping hands had at last lighted upon the poor fellow, who was bending over me, and at the touch of the rough, gnarled hands at last I understood. I understood!

"Martin, take me to her."

"Mr Charlie, my poor lad! You mustn't go. You mustn't go." It was the old boyish name he gave me as he hung over the bed, with the hot tears coursing down his furrowed old cheeks. "Mr Charlie, her father is with her, and the doctor, and the two big physicians down from town. You can do nothing for her, my poor lad, and your heart will break to see her there."

"Martin, I *must* go." I put both arms round his neck, and dragged myself close to him. "I know you can't get the couch, but I'm small and slight. Look, Martin, you can carry me well enough!"

"Carry you? I'd die for you, Mr Charlie!" and thus carried in the same kind arms which had first held me as a white-robed child, I went to kiss my Beauty good-bye.

She was lying in the library.

At one end stood a pile of books, of which we had built a castle only that morning: a headless doll lay on the mat; a half-finished daisy-chain was on the table. They tell me that the room was full of people, but of them I saw nothing. It did not strike me until long, long afterwards that this was the first time for nearly two years I had looked on my fellow-man. As Martin carried me down the long room I only saw these evidences of the sweet child-life. Of Mr Trent, of his sister, of the doctors, I have no recollection, but a gaily-painted ball that lay on our path is still in my

possession : I remember the doll, and the daisies, and then I remember being propped up on chairs by the side of the cushions where Beauty lay.

The child was apparently asleep, and there I waited by her. Someone moved the lamp, and the soft, rosy light fell full upon her. All the pretty hair had been shorn from her temples, and her lips were bloodless, but otherwise there was but little change. The warm light falling on the tanned cheeks gave her a semblance of colour, and the lips were parted in a smile. And yet, Beauty was dying! Tick! tick! went the clock on the mantelpiece, and I could almost hear the baby voice counting the bell-like strokes. There was a long-standing jest between us about the big hand doing all the work, and the little hand being such a lazy fellow; and now, as the old clock ticked solemnly on, it seemed to be repeating over and over again the words that had haunted me when we were in the garden: "*On-ly-a-bit-of-child-hood-thrown-a-way.*" Someone (I suppose the doctor) was whispering to me. I could not catch the words, but he seemed to be telling me that my darling was free from pain, and that very likely she would leave us in her sleep.

"Without one word!"

As I spoke I stretched a hand towards her, and true to the last to the comfort she had ever brought me, Beauty opened her eyes and looked full at me.

"Read *Beauty and the Beast*," she whispered. "It is almost time to go home, isn't it?"

"Not to-night, my darling! I can't read to-night!" My voice choked as I strove to answer her, but the weak whisper was repeated.

"But you always read it before I go. Do read it to-night."

Tears stood in the sweet blue eyes as she reiterated her request; and then I felt the book was put into my hands,

and I was told to read. "The child must go in peace." Was it the glorious sheen from the wings of the angels who stood waiting to bear her homeward that made the room so bright? Was it the strange new radiance on the baby face that calmed my sobs and made the printed words grow clear before my eyes?

"Yes, I will read it, Beauty."

"Thank you, dear Beast."

"*And the house and the gardens were always shut up quite tight. No one ever saw the poor Beast, because he was so ugly he would not come out. But he was very lonely and miserable, and all the time he was hoping that Beauty would come.*"

For a moment my eyes grew dim. That very sentence had first brought her to me, and now——? Ah! Beauty, Beauty!

"*And the Beauty and the Beast were very happy together. They loved each other very much.*"

A tiny sigh broke from the child's lips, and I stopped in sudden fear.

"It is almost time to go home, isn't it, Beast?"

"Yes, my darling. Very, very soon."

"I'm so glad. Finish it quick."

"*Till at last they wanted Beauty to go back to her father's home. And they sent for her, and the poor Beast had to let her go.*"

With faltering voice and bowed head I had read on, but now——

"You needn't finish it," whispered old Martin, and at the touch of the trembling hand on my shoulder the room grew suddenly dark. The angels had flown back to Paradise, and the little child could no longer hear me.

Beauty *had* gone to her Father's Home!

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